

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## UNDER THE LIMES.

IN the last sweet hours of sunny June,  
 When summer was ringing her loudest  
 chimes,  
 I stood in the shade in the sultry noon —  
 In the shade of the sweetly scented limes.  
 In the cloistered arch of the boughs above  
 The bees were singing their anthem low,  
 And the sigh of the wind was soft with love,  
 As it blew on my heart — as I heard it blow.

A voice, that was sweeter than wind or bee,  
 Spoke there with such solemn earnestness,  
 That the face grew pale as it turned to me,  
 And the eyes looked dim in their deep dis-  
 tress :  
 "Oh, I could not live if love were gone,  
 And I cared for none till I cared for you —"  
 And the antiphon of the bees went on,  
 While the sighing wind in the branches  
 blew.

Yet ever the roses died away,  
 The love was dying — the love was dead,  
 And the eyes that burned my heart that day,  
 Burnt all the flowers of my heart instead ;  
 The lips that framed those changeless vows,  
 Gave careless greeting when next we met ;  
 Yet the wind still sighed in the scented  
 boughs,  
 And the bees were in the branches yet.

Since then, I have wondered many a time  
 If I really stood on that day in June,  
 And heard the bees in the fragrant lime,  
 With the sighing wind and my heart in  
 tune.  
 Perhaps 'twas a dream, and the dreamer I !  
 And dreams are fickle, as all men know !  
 But whenever I smell the limes, I sigh,  
 And the wind is weird, when I hear it blow.  
 Argosy. J. T. BURTON WOLLASTON.

## ON A COUNTRY ROAD.

ALONG these low pleached lanes, on such a  
 day,  
 So soft a day as this, through shade and sun,  
 With glad grave eyes that scanned the glad  
 wild way,  
 And heart still hovering o'er a song begun,  
 And smile that warmed the world with ben-  
 e-son,  
 Our father, lord long since of lordly rhyme,  
 Long since hath haply ridden, when the lime  
 Bloomed broad above him, flowering where  
 he came.  
 Because thy passage once made warm this  
 clime,  
 Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name.  
 Each year that England clothes herself with  
 May,  
 She takes thy likeness on her. Time hath  
 spun

Fresh raiment all in vain and strange array  
 For earth and man's new spirit, fain to shun  
 Things past for dreams of better to be won,  
 Through many a century since thy funeral  
 chime  
 Rang, and men deemed it death's most direful  
 crime,  
 To have spared not thee for very love or  
 shame ;  
 And yet, while mists round last year's memo-  
 ries climb,  
 Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name.

Each turn of the old wild road whereon we  
 stray,  
 Meseems, might bring us face to face with  
 one  
 Whom seeing we could not but give thanks,  
 and pray  
 For England's love our father and her son  
 To speak with us as once in days long done  
 With all men, sage and churl and monk and  
 mime,  
 Who knew not as we know the soul sublime  
 That sang for song's love more than lust of  
 fame.  
 Yet, though this be not, yet, in happy time,  
 Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name.

Friend, even as bees about the flowering thyme,  
 Years crowd on years, till hoar decay begrime  
 Names once beloved ; but, seeing the sun  
 the same,  
 As birds of autumn fain to praise the prime,  
 Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name.  
 ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.  
 Nineteenth Century.

## THE PYRAMIDS.

FULL many an embassy hath mortal man  
 Sent to the skies. The glory and the grace  
 Of classic temples, and the Gothic spires,  
 Offerings of beauty, mystic, multiform,  
 Earth's varied aspirations turned to stone  
 That spoke, though silent. All save these  
 have told  
 The story of the senders. Hellas tells  
 A message that reveals her people's heart,  
 And hands down to the wondering centuries  
 The story of her joyance and her faith  
 In Beauty's deathless mission. The Christ  
 creed  
 Hath bid us see in carved symbols rare  
 The graces of the saintly multitude,  
 And Him who held all sainthood perfected  
 In One God Manhood. Egypt in these piles  
 Said all she had to say, and closed the page.  
 Her Offering is our lesson : " Hold thy peace,  
 Nor let the world participate and mar  
 The secrets thou shouldst keep for Heaven  
 alone."

Cairo.

CHARLES H. BUTCHER.  
Spectator.

From The Nineteenth Century.

WITH BAKER AND GRAHAM IN THE  
EASTERN SOUDAN.

ONE day in the summer of 1878 an Arab trader of Suakin, by name Osman Ali Digna, known to the local gossips as a person of eccentric habits, and to every merchant between Darfur and the Hedjaz as a great traveller, held a secret meeting of Suakin notables under the large sycamore-tree close by the wells whence the town, two miles distant, procures its water. Osman had been a prosperous dealer, not only in ivory and ostrich feathers, but also, and principally, in slaves. Osman was the travelling partner of a firm of which his elder brother, head of the family of Digna, was managing member at Suakin. The junior used to hawk his live stock among the towns of the central Soudan, sometimes extending his expeditions to the neighborhood of Dongola and Abou Hamed; those of his captives who had found neither death nor a purchaser, he would drive to the seacoast for transport to the markets of Jeddah. But now and then the British cruisers were too wide awake for the stealthiest driver or the smartest skipper of a slave-dhow. In 1877 one of the Digna vessels was captured somewhere off Suakin: about the same period three or four slave caravans, partly owned by Osman and his brother, were seized and liberated; in a word, the house of Digna had fallen upon evil days; for patriotic, no less than for personal reasons, the chiefs of the Soudan must be stirred up to resist the *Ghiaour-Turkawi* trespass upon a right and an institution sanctified by the book and by the example of Mahomet. When, therefore, the Suakin notables met Osman under the sycamore, he produced the Koran, and, in an excited speech, called upon them to vow the death of their "heretical" *Turkawi* governor, and to help him in organizing a tribal crescentade. His hearers admitted the justice of Osman's cause and the force of his reasoning, but they refused to act with him. "Perish in your cowardice!" exclaimed Osman, and, disdaining to return with them, he left them there and journeyed to Erkowit, a village high among the hills, twenty-five miles

from Suakin. It was from Erkowit that, five years after, Osman proclaimed his divine mission, and directed the first assaults of the insurgents against Tewfik Bey at Sinkat. In Erkowit dwelt most of his kindred, and to it he owes his nationality. Osman is the grandson of a pure Turk through an irregular marriage with a woman of the Hadendowa tribe. In accordance with tribal custom he is regarded as a Hadendowa *pur sang*.

The next stage of the insurrectional development was marked by the accession of Sheikh Tahir who had sometimes joined Osman in his slave speculations, and sometimes lost by them. Up to this point Osman personified a special grievance; but his mission, which as yet he had only begun dimly to realize, assumed a wider scope in consequence of the support of one who boasted direct prophetic descent, and whose name was associated all over the Soudan with religious puritanism and patriotic zeal. The kings of Shendy, one of the ancient Soudani-Arab states which Mehemet Ali swept away sixty years ago, had no more faithful supporters than the Tahirs. When Ismail, the son of Mehemet, after having marched up the Nile valley, and received the submission of the native chiefs, celebrated the successful issue of his mission by a night of feasting and debauchery in the town of Shendy, it was the head of the house of Tahir who, with Sheikh (or King) Nimr, caused the act of incendiarism in which the prince and his fellow-revellers miserably perished. The savage reprisals, of which thousands of innocent persons were the victims, served to fan the flame of popular hatred against the new Egyptian dynasty, and the persecutions endured by the fugitive sheikhs invested them with the character of heroes and patriots. The ignominious execution of a representative of the house of Tahir, eighteen years ago, in Khartoum, was an event still quite fresh in the memory of Sheikh Tahir when, five months ago, somewhere near Sinkat, his Holiness read that eloquent letter in which Zebehr Pasha, on behalf of the Egyptian government, invited him to return to his allegiance. I remember how when I asked Zebehr whether he thought his invitation

would be accepted, he replied only with a dry chuckle and a little shrug of the shoulders, and how, after a pause, and a few contemplative puffs of his nargileh, he added, in the highest pitch of his metallic, clangorous voice, "It is not pardon they want, but freedom." Sheikh Tahir inherited an obligation of revenge. It only remained for him and Osman Digna to seize some opportunity of quickening the vague unrest of their fellow-countrymen into clearly purposeful hostility against the Cairo *régime*. For sixty years, almost since the conquest of the Nile kingdoms by Mehemet Ali, had the Soudan been ripening towards revolution. It had become the Botany Bay of the criminals of Lower Egypt; and other criminals, in the form of Egyptian administrators, had cruelly and systematically preyed upon the people. There were governors who had succeeded in introducing some rudiments of civilization, and had ruled honestly and well, but in the general corruption and mismanagement their efforts came to nought, so that even Said Pasha, when he visited Khartoum, threw his guns into the river and exclaimed in horror that he must not be responsible for the misery which he saw. To use a chemical analogy, the elements of disaffection existed in solution; at any moment the slightest concussion might precipitate them into definite crystalline shape. The shock was at last imparted by the appearance of the new Messiah — a few months before known only as a hermit who spent his days in prayer and meditation in the island of Abba in the Nile, but now as a conqueror and as head of a theocratic kingdom in Kordofan. The success which crowned his earlier failures proved, as in the case of Mahomet of Mecca, the divine mission of Mahomet of Dongola. Osman Digna seized his opportunity. The cotton and ivory trade, in which he had made many distant excursions since the incident under the sycamore-tree, and by which he had painfully endeavored to retrieve the fallen fortunes of his house, he abandoned for ever. In the spring of 1883 he set forth from the Suakin hills on his journey of eight hundred miles to the Mahdi's camp.

At Berber he visited his old associate Sheikh Tahir, over whom he, the man of stronger will and clearer purpose, thenceforth took precedence. Reaching El Obeid he knelt before the Mahdi, confessed his faith in the divinity of his mission, kissed his hands and feet, then stood up, and in a speech of passionate eloquence denounced the misrule of the "white-faced" Egyptians in the eastern Soudan, prayed the new Messiah to proclaim himself in that region, assured him that all the great chiefs of the country would instantly respond to his call, and offered his own services in any capacity which the Mahdi in his divine wisdom might assign to him. After a brief initiation into the Prophet's stern rule of poverty and discipline, Osman was solemnly proclaimed ameer, or lieutenant of the Mahdi in the eastern country. He was furnished with letters and manifestos to the civil and religious chiefs in Tokar, Sinkat, Suakin, and to every leading tribal sheikh between the Nile and the sea.

After long years of waiting, the cotton and slave dealer, whom so many of his compatriots rather despised as an impracticable dreamer, but whom it would be more correct to describe as half-fanatic half-charlatan, now found his career, and at Erkowit in last July he raised the standard of revolt. On the 5th of August was fought the first of the series of battles which have ended, for the present, with General Graham's victory at Tamai. This was at Sinkat, whither Tewfik Bey, governor of Suakin, had hurried with a small force, as soon as he had received the Mahdi's summons, conveyed through Osman Digna, to surrender. The country, which for the next eight months became the scene of some of the most obstinate fights and hideous massacres recorded in recent history, may be roughly described as a quadrilateral, with a coast line of forty-two miles from Suakin in the north to the Trinkitat sands in the south. The marches, sieges, battles, and massacres occurred along two routes — the southern route, stretching inland from Trinkitat to Tokar, sixteen miles as the crow flies; the northern route, from Suakin westwards to Sinkat, forty miles. On the



southern, or Tokar line, occurred the Moncrieff massacre (November 4), the Baker massacre (February 4), and Graham's victory (February 29). All three events happened at or close to the same spot — the wells of El Teb, about half-way between Tokar and the coast. The last act on this line was the "relief of Tokar" (March 1). It was called a relief, although the Egyptian garrison and the village had deliberately gone over to the enemy a week before Sir Gerald landed at Suakin, and although there was reason to suppose that one-half at least of the gallant defenders whom the general rescued and carried off would have been glad to stay there. In Tokar, "the garden of the eastern Soudan," the gallant defenders had little to do and plenty to eat; in Lower Egypt they may starve, or swell the ranks of the new class of brigands. On the northern route there happened two petty successes of Tewfik Bey's, in the Sinkat locality, during August and September; the Arab massacre of Khilil Bey's reinforcement in October; of Kassim Effendi's black contingent, on the 2nd of December, on the way to Tamanieb, between Suakin and Sinkat; and lastly, Graham's victory of the 13th of March, at Tamanieb, or, as it is also called, Tamai.

The pre-English portion of the campaign is a curious instance of evolution in another than the military sense of the term. Before the war, a whole Arab encampment would have trembled at the sight of a single Egyptian Bashi-Bazouk. Long before the end of it a whole Egyptian encampment would have gone into fits at the sight of a single Arab. To know how the change came about is to understand the kind of enemy which Graham's army overthrew, and the kind of task which it fulfilled at El Teb and Tamanieb. To recur to our chemical analogy, the precipitation did not, as in the physical experiment, take place in an instant. The name Effendina, the notion of Egyptian strength, perpetuated in the minds of the Hadendowa nomads the spell which the genius of Mehemet Ali exercised upon them two generations before. Thus the first band of insurgents rallied round Osman Digna with some misgiv-

ings. When Tewfik repulsed their first assault on Sinkat, wounded Osman himself in two places, killed Osman's brother, and fifty or sixty tribesmen besides, the rebels began to desert to their homes. After Tewfik had again beaten Osman at Ghabbat, Osman's original three hundred dwindled down to less than seventy. But with Osman's first success on the Suakin-Sinkat road — that is, the annihilation of Khilil's reinforcement for Tewfik — came the turn of the tide. The news of this massacre produced the first rising in Tokar; and Osman, leaving Sinkat to be besieged by the tribesmen, who were joining his holy cause day by day, moved down to Tamanieb, nineteen miles from Suakin. Governor Mahmoud Tahir, accompanied by Consul Moncrieff, went to put down this rising at Tokar, and when at El Teb the Arabs massacred Tahir's force, they felt reassured as to the reality of Osman's divine mission. Osman had been worsted at first, but so had the Prophet; the Mahdi had promised them that God would strike terror into the hearts of their enemies, and now, for the first time, they saw the "white-faced" soldiers throw their rifles away without firing a shot. Then the khedive's best troops, the blacks from Massowah, were brought on the scene, but they too were overthrown near Tamanieb, and but few of them returned to tell the tale. In three encounters, in which they had hardly lost a man, the Hadendowas exterminated twelve hundred of their foes. After this Osman Digna introduced his theocratic communism into his headquarters in Tamanieb. As at El Obeid, so at Tamanieb, there was established the Bet-el-Mal, or treasury to which all contributed according to their means. There were to be no rich and no poor. All were to share alike. The only distinction allowed was the tribal distinction. Each tribe had its own place in the vast encampment of ragged, grimy tents, and wretched huts constructed of wattle and matting, or hollowed out of the thick bushes. Osman himself was as ragged and dirty as the poorest of his followers, but he was the inspired agent of the Mahdi. He expounded the Koran, and preached his holy war every morning be-

fore the assembled multitudes. The Arabs implicitly obeyed his severe regulations, even abandoning their favorite tobacco, the use of which was prohibited under severe penalties.

The Arabs were believing themselves to be invincible, and the conduct of the Egyptian authorities was admirably calculated to confirm the impression. Tewfik Bey was the only Egyptian who saw the rocks ahead. But he was thwarted in his prompt efforts to clear them. Discovering that the *cadi* (religious judge) of Suakin was in league with Osman, he sent orders from Sinkat to have him imprisoned; the *cadi* (the same man who fled to the rebel camp during Baker Pasha's occupation of the town) was released. Tewfik prohibited the exportation of grain into the insurgent districts; the prohibition was at once removed by the orders of the new governor-general, Suliman Pasha. Suliman had been dismissed from Khartoum because he had hampered and annoyed and proved himself a traitor to General Hicks. When he heard of the rising at Erkowit he laughed, called Osman a baboon, prophesied that in a month's time the baboon would be quietly engaged in his old trade of hawking ostrich feathers, swore that he would stop the rebellion by diplomacy, for which purpose he proceeded to Sinkat and Tokar, where he distributed red coats of honor among the sheikhs, and prayed them, coaxingly, to behave better for the future. The subsequent slaughter of brave Kassim's band at a spot within an hour and a half's easy ride of Suakin failed to suggest to Suliman the possibility of his own resemblance to a baboon. When, elated with their success, the semi-nude barbarians swept down into the plain, and the Suakin people could see, from their housetops, the glitter of the Arab spears a mile beyond the wells, even then the foolish old man stuck to his own opinion that everything could be settled by soft speech. He regarded with ill-concealed jealousy the arrival of Colonel Harrington, who, having hastened from Egypt with a reinforcement of gendarmes, invested the seaport with a strong and complete line of entrenchments in the brief space of forty-eight hours. Had Suliman been a deliberate traitor he could not have followed a policy more surely calculated to harden the Arab feeling of Heaven's co-operation into conviction, and to quicken the uncertain spark of savage war-valor into flame.

Only Baker Pasha's expedition was wanted to complete this transformation in

the barbarian mind. Of the four thousand men whom the pasha had assembled by the 2nd of February on the Trinkitat sands, for the relief of the Tokar garrison, more than a third were policemen, who had scarcely been initiated into the barest rudiments of military drill; the remainder consisted principally of farm-laborers dragged, with weeping and wailing, from their water-wheels and ditches, of slaves borrowed from his friends and admirers by Zebehr Pasha, and of negro cooks, sweepers, slipper-bearers, cow-keepers, seduced by recruiting touts to forsake their domestic service, or kidnapped amid much scuffling and bellowing in the open streets, or, in urgent cases, on the very premises. One of the funniest of daily sights in Cairo was to see Zebehr's grinning blacks struggling into their white canvas uniforms, and fumbling, in admiration, their brand-new Remingtons. The sense of novelty did not die away even on board ship, and the "volunteers" used to examine their rifles curiously, from stock to muzzle, with the wise inquisitive air of monkeys handling an unfamiliar object. The officers were as disappointing as the men; I have more than once watched a colonel, or major, as he pleaded, and roared, and gesticulated, down in the ship's hold, through a half-hour's dispute with an argumentative private, about some trifle like a yard of string, or nine ounces of chopped straw. Unpromising material out of which to organize Valentine Baker Pasha's army of retribution. Had the force been collected early, and *en bloc*, Baker might have turned it into a fighting machine during his four weeks' encampment at Suakin and his eight days' waiting on the seashore at Trinkitat. But Baker had no chance. During those weeks the battalions were arriving, at long intervals and in dribblets, and sometimes badly equipped. The very enthusiasm of the army of retribution presaged disaster, as when the men danced, half naked, round the first gun dragged across the Trinkitat lagoon; and when, at Suakin, the whole camp turned out under arms, and all the Turkish brass bands in the place brayed their loudest and vilest, to give Generals Baker and Sartorius a triumphal entry in honor of a cavalry raid which resulted in the capture of a few sheep and camels -- the proudest moment of the Baker campaign. I remember our last parade on the Trinkitat sands. Some hundreds of the men were tested in rifle-shooting. They just knew how to load, and pull the trigger. "*C'est ridicule*," exclaimed the

General, addressing Abdul Rasac, his chief of the staff, and with that expression of hopelessness and disgust, Baker rode off to his tent. It was "ridiculous;" and pathetic, when, amid the rain and the sunshine of the second daybreak after, Baker's battalions marched away to their doom. How, when at last the unwieldy, inchoate square halted and paused, within "touch" of the wells, its hour having come; how at first the garrulous, disorderly rabble seemed as unconscious of their mortal peril as if they were school-children out for a holiday; how, when the idea of danger began to dawn upon them, they huddled and elbowed one another into their places, with half-frightened, half-curious gaze; how, when the Arab "rush" came on with swift suddenness, as if by magic, the Egyptians broke into wild panic, and threw away their weapons, and vainly prayed for mercy; how the savage foe ran abreast with the stream of fugitives until the five miles between the wells and the sea were thickly strewn with the Egyptian dead; and how, in a few hours more, in the large encampment, full of life and activity, that had covered the seashore, nought remained but silence and desolation, with here the carcase of a camel or a bale of grass, or there an empty tent, its canvas idly flapping in the breeze, — all this, and much more, are deserving of more detailed narrative, but they can only find their place here as incidents in a course of mismanagement which, by thrusting victory upon the insurgents, went to develop the reckless valor and the fierce fanaticism, which, a little later on, threw the Arab spearmen upon the fire and steel of the British lines.

One of the first results of Osman's victory was the formation of something approaching a nomad union or confederacy, in which every tribe, from Suakin to remote Kassala, was represented. Another was the surrender of the Tokar garrison, whose artillerymen helped the insurgents to construct the El Teb entrenchments, rifle-pits, and redoubts which gave General Graham so much trouble during the battle of the 29th of February. Baker's Krupp and machine guns were mounted on these redoubts, and Baker's three thousand rifles and half-million cartridges were stored at Tokar and Tamai. In their own barbarous fashion the Arabs were evolving a military system. Besides strengthening El Teb, the rebels came down in large numbers and hovered about Suakin. What with women and children

weeping for their slain relatives, with a sulky populace, bands of Arab "woolly-heads" swaggering about the streets with an air of unwonted insolence, and a demoralized, half-mutinuous Egyptian garrison, — life in Suakin, during the interval between Baker's return and Graham's arrival, was the reverse of agreeable. Every one felt relieved when the "Jumna" steamed into Suakin harbor with the 10th Hussars and the Fusiliers. Suakin, however, was not to be the base of General Graham's first operation. Without touching at Suakin, troopships passed straight on to Trinkitat, where, before the 25th of February, the Black Watch, Gordon Highlanders, 60th Rifles, mounted infantry, 19th Hussars, the Irish Fusiliers, the 10th Hussars, and the Royal Artillery, were assembled. The sands were white with tents and alive with movement; the harbor was covered with a fleet of sixteen ships. Never had the Arabs, watching us from the ridges of their sandhills, witnessed such a wonderful spectacle. But though they knew that it was the English who had come, they were not afraid. They were only impatient for more plunder. They were of the same mind with Osman Digna, who, in reply to proclamations and offers of pardon, had just been threatening to treat the English as he had treated Baker's Egyptians. Allah had delivered us English into Osman's hands, and Osman would "drink the blood" of one-half of us, and drive the other half into the sea. Osman, the Arabs implicitly believed, was invincible and infallible. But a few days before, an astonishing ceremony had taken place in Osman's camp. This was the blessing of the sticks. Every Arab carries a club, besides his spear, and Osman had endowed each club with miraculous power to kill so many men, or break so many horses' legs — five, ten, twelve, or twenty, any number — according to the reputed faith of each owner, or the extent of his liberality to the communal fund. Every Arab felt sure of victory. With the tenacity of a barbarian, he associated in his own mind the previous blunders and defeats of his foes with the predictions of the Madhi and the interposition of Heaven. He himself might be killed, but his soul would go straight to heaven. To such people the word "heaven" was no empty sound. Their unseen world was as real as the Soudan, only with less heat, and less cold, and no work, and with more milk and honey, and softer grass, and prettier flowers. The dying Arab boy

who at El Teb came to avenge his father's death, and whom Baker captured, begged hard to be allowed to spear an Egyptian heretic, in order that he might enter Paradise with a clean conscience, and with just confidence resume there his parent's acquaintance.

El Teb, the scene of Baker's defeat and of Graham's first victory, lies eight miles south-west of Trinkitat, halfway between it and Tokar, and about seven miles from the seashore. Its works, facing west by north, comprised a long, semicircular, shallow entrenchment, protected by a redoubt on the northern or Trinkitat side, a second redoubt on the southern or Tokar side, and a third, poorly armed, on the seaward side. Within the shallow entrenchment, and extending in some places to near the centre of the huge enclosure, were scores of rifle-pits, some of them capable of holding twenty men, and all of them so cunningly scooped out of the sand that an enemy coming in front of them might step right to their brink before becoming aware of their existence. The centre of the enclosure was occupied by the wells, of which, if I may trust my memory, there were about twelve. All this was, of course, only discovered after the fight; but our scouting parties had, during the preceding two or three days, and on the march out, learned enough of the enemy's disposition to enable Graham to arrange his general plan of attack. The plan was to attack the entrenchments in the rear, which, as will be understood from the preceding description, was left open, or nearly so. At eight in the morning of the 29th, we marched out with a total force of about three thousand infantry, seven hundred cavalry, and fourteen guns, six of which were machine-guns. The mounted infantry, with two squadrons of the hussars, scouted far ahead on the left, in front, and on the right. The main body of the 10th and 19th Hussars, under the command of General Stewart, followed in the rear. The infantry were disposed in square formation as follows: the 75th in front; the 65th on the left flank, with the marines inside as a reserve; the 89th on the right, with the 60th Rifles in reserve; the Black Watch (to their very great annoyance) formed the rear. Three machine-guns of the Naval Brigade were posted in the left-hand corner, between the 75th and 65th; the other three were in the right-hand corner, between the 75th and 89th; the Royal Artillery were distributed in the centre of the square and the two corners of the rear.

With these data fixed in his mind, the reader can easily follow the various movements of the battle. Gradually receding from the sea our huge square glided in a diagonal direction across the plain. It passed along the front of the Arab entrenchments; in other words, with El Teb on its left flank. The line of Baker's rout lay between it and the Arab position. Thus our infantry were spared an unpleasant infliction, but the Hussars, with whom I rode for some distance, passed over the hideous scene of the carnage. One turned almost sick with an atmosphere polluted by the hundreds of rotting bodies, which lay everywhere in every attitude of painful contortion. About half past ten o'clock the square reached a point half a mile due west of the Arab lines, and right opposite the redoubt, which I have already indicated as protecting the northern or Trinkitat side of the entrenchments. The Arabs instantly opened a brisk fire of musketry and Krupp artillery. Without replying to or taking any notice of the enemy, Graham moved off still in the westerly direction; in about an hour more, he reached a point right opposite the southern, or Tokar side, redoubt, eight hundred to nine hundred yards off. This was the point at which it was resolved to enter and sweep clean through the Arab lines. Then the infantry lay down, and the day's work began in earnest. The blue-jackets of the left-half battery and part of the camel-battery poured a well-directed fire at and around the redoubt. The enemy's gunners quickly found our range and plied the British square splendidly with two Krupp guns. Think of the absurdity of the situation! Those smart gunners who knocked over our blue-jackets and infantry, and at a critical moment in the fight threw even the "Old Sixty-fifth" into temporary disorder, were the very men whom we were trying hard to relieve at Tokar! In less than half an hour the enemy's two guns were silenced. Then the square advanced upon the redoubt. From the foregoing details of formation, the reader will understand that the 65th now formed the front line of the square; that the 75th, lately the front, now became the right flank; and the Black Watch the left flank. In this turning movement the 65th for a time bore the brunt of the Arab assault. The 65th cheered and rushed, accompanied by the blue-jackets. As the action developed, the infantry formation grew rather irregular, so that the Black Watch and portion of the 75th were ex-

posed, equally with the 65th, to the desperate onslaught of the Arabs, who, waiting until their opponents had approached the entrenchments, charged right through the smoke and upon the bristling line of steel. It was during this perilous interval that Captain Wilson of the "Hecla" and Captain Littledale of the 65th distinguished themselves by their deeds of bravery. The redoubt was carried, and, in a moment, the two Krupps were wheeled round by the marine artillerymen, under Major Tucker, and directed upon the second, or northern, redoubt, much to the astonishment of its defenders. The Egyptian gunners who had worked the captured guns had all been killed by the English fire; it was afterwards said that their sergeant, who had survived, was killed by the Arabs. It was during the pause which followed the capture of this redoubt that our cavalry, apparently under the impression that the infantry had finished their work, executed their brilliant charge. But the Arabs were not in flight, and, while the Hussars were engaged elsewhere, the infantry were head and ears in their stiffest and hottest task. This task was the capture of the second redoubt, to effect which the infantry must force their way across the entrenchments, from the southern extremity, where they now were, to the northern. By this movement the Black Watch entered into the front, or attacking, line. But in reality, the square formation was broken up, so that the whole infantry division became an irregularly semicircular line, with the 42nd and 65th in the central and more advanced part of it, and the 89th and 75th on the wings. During this operation the left-half battery of the Naval Brigade, moving by the rear of the 65th, took up a position on the left of that battalion—that is, in the corner between the 65th and 42nd; the right-half battery placed itself in the corner between the 42nd and the 89th. The Arabs defended themselves with extraordinary bravery. A party of them in a red brick building which lay about half distance between the two redoubts held their ground until the seven pounders had burst three shells in it, and the Gatlings—with their harsh, deadly organ-grind—had bored a hole in its walls; all this at the short range of about one hundred and twenty yards. The brick building was choked with dead bodies, most of them fearfully mangled; a few yards off, round about a huge, rusty old boiler (a relic, perhaps, of Ismail Pasha's civilizing zeal), one hundred and sixty Arabs lay

dead. Onwards, slowly but surely, swept the English line,—the Arabs, springing out of their rabbit-warren-looking rifle-pits, savagely contesting every inch. At two o'clock the Highlanders stormed the second redoubt, the infantry swarmed over the wells, the Arabs disappeared, and the hard-fought fight of El Teb was won.

One great fault, some have said, and one only, spoiled the battle, regarded, not as a victory, but simply in a technical sense, and as a series of manoeuvres. Why, it has been asked, did the cavalry charge at that particular stage in the development of the action? As, when the artillery have produced the first effectual impression on the enemy, the infantry advance to their terrible task, so the cavalry strike: in to complete the confusion and ruin caused by the second; but, according to the criticism which I have often heard, Stewart charged before the enemy were half beaten, when there was still a risk of our own infantry being repulsed; and he charged a body of men who had never been in the action at all, who were fresh, and the reverse of demoralized. Some have said that Baker Pasha, who had left Suakin to join the intelligence department in Graham's force, "recommended" General Stewart to charge, on the ground that the Arabs were retreating; but General Stewart was not the man to take recommendations, much less orders, from any except his commanding officer. It has also been said that General Graham, not anticipating the mad resistance he would have to encounter at the rifle-pits, empowered General Stewart to charge the enemy as soon as he thought proper.

It will as a matter of course be presumed that General Stewart was led to believe that the Arabs were giving way, and that the moment had come for dealing them a final and crushing blow. But whatever explanation might be suggested by those who are most competent to pronounce upon the matter, it might be plausibly argued that the cavalry charge even against a second, and reserve, force of Arabs (supposing this to have been the Arab disposition) was a timely and singularly lucky movement. It seems certain that the Arabs who actually fought in the redoubts, pits, and entrenchments, did not number more than twenty-five hundred or three thousand. Where were the remaining three or four thousand? The habit of the Arabs is to put their best men in front, and to reserve, away in the rear, a second body, to be let loose on their foes as soon



as these have been broken up. Now there was a large body of Arabs hovering about on the south-western side of the wells, on the way to Tokar; and it is more than possible that these Arabs, should it strike them that the break-up of the square formation offered an opportunity, might attempt to "rush" the entrenchments, and surround our infantry. If such may have been the Arab intention it must have been somewhat rudely shaken by the sudden apparition of the cavalry. But I must now describe the charge. After the storming of the first redoubt the cavalry were massed behind the left rear of the square—that is to say, what was *then* the rear—at a distance of five hundred yards from the corner formed by the Black Watch and the Irish Fusiliers. Moving along the line of the Fusiliers, they formed, right shoulders up, and swept, at full gallop, past the Gordon Highlanders, who raised a tremendous cheer, and waved their helmets on their bayonet points. "There go the Old Tenth!" exclaimed an officer who was posted inside the square. It was their old colonel—Valentine Baker—who was observing them with one eye, his other eye, under which a shrapnel ball had buried itself, being hidden under an ungainly bandage covered all over with dust and blood. Wood, with his three squadrons of the "Old Tenth," led; Barrow with two squadrons of the 10th followed; the rear line, consisting of three squadrons of the 10th, was under Webster. They went straight ahead, and in a few moments they were out of sight. Suddenly, away on Colonel Webster's right, and out of the dense, lofty brushwood, appeared a body of Arabs. A hundred of them—according to one authoritative estimate, more nearly two hundred—were mounted. They carried two-handed swords, and rode barebacked. In the rear of them were numbers of spearmen, on foot. Colonel Webster wheeled his squadrons to the right, and in a moment was engaged with the enemy. Of this sudden change in the situation, Colonels Wood and Barrow knew nothing; they were pushing on ahead. Soon, however, an orderly overtook them and informed them that Colonel Webster was being "cut up." The word was instantly given, "Right about wheel." Barrow's two squadrons thus became the front line, and the 10th Hussars became the rear. As the two lines rode back to Webster's assistance, they were pounced upon by hundreds of Arabs who darted here, there, and everywhere out of the scrub and from

behind the mimosa bushes. The Arabs threw their spears. Lying flat on the ground, they would nimbly jump up, and with their sharp knives attempt to hamstring the horses as they galloped past. They threw their boomerang-looking clubs of tough mimosa branch at the horses' legs. The clubs rattled on the hard bones like—to quote Colonel Taylor's graphic comparison—"like a boy's stick when he runs with it, drawing it along somebody's iron railings."

The reader will recollect Osman's solemn ceremony of the blessing of the sticks. And now, the result was justifying Osman's claim to miraculous power. The mimosa club brought many a fast horse upon his knees; the faster he went, the surer he was, if once struck, to come to grief. Down came Barrow's horse, throwing his rider, who for a minute or two had been carrying an Arab spear in his flesh. The colonel was saved by Quartermaster-Sergeant Marshall, who, at deadly risk to his own life, dragged him through the scattered groups of Arabs. Colonel Barrow and Corporal Murray (also of the 10th) were, as far as is known, the only two who, once unhorsed, escaped with their lives. Colonel Taylor told me, as a singular, and perhaps unexampled incident, that Murray had four horses either speared, or hamstrung, or clubbed. No sooner did he pick himself up than somehow or other he found somebody else's horse, unowned and handy. To the gallant rescues and other deeds performed by Captain Pigott, Surgeon-Major Conolly, Sergeant Phipps, Sergeant Alcock, I can only make this passing allusion. They are recorded in the general's orders and despatches to the War Office. Pigott, who knows what Indian sport is, used his twelve-foot hog-spear to excellent purpose, in the saving as well as the taking of life. If all the hussars had had twelve-foot hog-spears instead of the toasting-forks with which they vainly tried to prod their agile foes, the "Johannies," as the Arabs were familiarly called in camp, would have suffered more seriously than they did. What sabres failed to accomplish, powder and shot effected to some extent. After the 10th and the 10th had charged again and again right through the provokingly scattered groups of Arabs, each line dismounted one of its squadrons. Volley after volley was poured into the enemy; and having, to say the least of it, given to the Arabs as good a shock and surprise as they themselves had received, the Hussars rode back to El Teb.



In the 19th Hussars alone, the proportion of casualties was over one in eight.

The Arabs were soundly beaten, but they took their defeat with the air of a people unsubdued. When our cavalry men went out, towards evening, to search for the dead, they saw some hundreds of the enemy lurking about in the distance. The losses which the Arabs had sustained might have cowed a less determined foe. The large space covered by the entrenchments, the rifle-pits, and redoubts, was thickly strewn with their dead. In the entrenchment, or, to use a more appropriate word, ditch, which must have measured more than half a mile round, the bodies lay in one continuous tangled skein, black-brown amid the yellow sand. All over the enclosure they lay in confused heaps. The total number killed must have amounted to two thousand four or five hundred, but very many, of whom no count could possibly have been made, must have found their way, wounded, to the hills. When Tokar was occupied, next day, without resistance, it naturally seemed to many as if, to quote an expression of the time, the "heart had been knocked out" of the insurrection. And for some days after the return of the army to Suakin, it did appear as if the campaign was ended; and officers and men were anticipating an early return to Egypt, or, as in the case of the troops that had been stopped on their way from India, a speedy resumption of their homeward voyage. Spies were bringing in news that Osman Digna's tribesmen were dispersing; that some of the smaller clans engaged in the battle had been almost exterminated; that, for example, only seven or eight of the eight hundred men who had gone from Tamanieb to El Teb to fight against us survived. This was most probably an exaggeration; but all the spies' reports showed that many of the tribal contingents had suffered terribly. According to a list which was compiled from spies' reports, and which was given to me at Suakin on the 5th of March, it appeared that Osman Digna's following consisted of no more than sixteen or seventeen hundred men, representing nine tribes — the Sharaab, Bishariat, Moassayab, Ghimilab, and others. But it was next reported that the insurgents were mustering at Tamanieb, some twenty miles from Suakin; that Osman, who had meanwhile assumed the dress of a dervish, was again preaching a holy war, arguing that Mahomet himself had been worsted in the beginning of his career, and that against

his own defeat at El Teb he had to count two great victories on the same spot, two between Suakin and Sinkat, not to mention the overwhelming successes of their holy master the Mahdi beyond the Nile. Then, as the days passed, it appeared certain that Osman had gathered at least five or six thousand about him. It became known that thousands of the tribesmen had sworn before Osman, on the Koran, to face the English again in battle, and conquer or perish. Besides, after two proclamations had gone out, inviting the sheikhs to abandon Osman and accept pardon, twenty-one of them returned a flat and contemptuously threatening answer. A prisoner who had been taken into camp some hours after the battle of El Teb had formed a just estimate of the resolution of Osman and the sheikhs. His fellow-prisoner, when examined on the point, expressed his opinion that Osman would yield, or at any rate decline another encounter. "Never!" sharply interrupted his comrade, altogether unabashed by the presence of the English officers, who, if he measured them by the Oriental standard of morals — the only standard which he knew — might order him to be decapitated on the spot for his rude temerity. In brief, it was decided that the Arabs did not consider themselves beaten, and that they must be fought once more. It was considered as almost certain that a sharp defeat inflicted upon Osman at Tamanieb — Osman's headquarters, preaching station, and military stores depôt in one — would destroy his *prestige* and extinguish the insurrection in the Red Sea provinces.

Thus, on the 11th of March, after a few days' rest at Suakin, General Sir Gerald Graham's force was again on the march. The troops halted for the night at the *zereba*, or square breastwork of prickly bush which Baker Pasha had constructed during one of his excursions three months before. On the following afternoon, at one, the force moved out towards Tamanieb, and reached the first and lowest range of hills at three. From the top of a bare, black-glistening rock of syenite, which lay on our right, and to which a fellow-correspondent gave the very appropriate name of Mount Kassim, some of us obtained a complete panoramic view of the country. Far behind stretched the blue rim of the sea, and Suakin vaguely shone, misty-white, like a city in cloud-land. From the blue rim the plain extended towards us, and past us, also like a sea, in which the smaller ridges and

isolated hills presented the appearance of capes and islands, until it became lost in its bow-shaped background of high mountains. That was the picture which presented itself to the unaided vision; but a field-glass enabled one to detect the unpleasant reality. What are those dead-black, mop-shaped little objects that pop and disappear on the other side of the plain, towards our left? Our friends, the "woolly-heads" are peeping at us from amongst the bushes. They must be in large force, for the black mops pop up and down in spots scattered over a line of nearly two miles. We can just distinguish, one behind the other, the irregular lines of the ravines and dry watercourses in the depths of which the Arab hordes are concealed. While we were still on Mount Kassim, a special messenger from Admiral Hewett at Suakin arrived with the important information (given by a spy) that in one of the gorges which led to Tamai, large numbers of the Arabs would conceal themselves with the object of springing upon us as we marched past, and destroying us in the surprise and confusion. It was too late to oblige the Arabs that day. Turning sharp off to the south-east, and marching for about twenty minutes more, the army halted at half past five, and at once proceeded to surround itself with a zereba. Shortly after nine we all lay down on the sand, in our clothes and boots, and with our horses saddled and bridled—in case of accidents—the soldiers with their arms beside them. It was a miserable night. At ten the silence was broken by the sharp, sudden rattle of musketry. There was a slight flutter in our big square, but it lasted only for a moment; then the Arab firing stopped, and we fancied we were to be left in peace. But in half an hour came another rattle, much nearer, also from the flanks and in front. We could hear the voices of the Arabs as they prowled in the bush, some four hundred yards off. We could see the red flashes, palish red in the light of a moon of splendid brilliance. At one in the morning a loud fusillade broke out, close to us.

The Arabs are rushing! we thought. In an instant, the Highlanders, who were lying down on one flank of the square, rose up silently like the crest of some huge, long wave, and, after a pause, subsided, slowly and silently as before. One experienced a feeling of pride and admiration at the discipline and self-possession of those men thus startled out of their sleep. At intervals all night long until

five in the morning, the Arab bullets flew over us with their peevish ping, or sharp whirr, or brief hiss-and-thud as they struck the sand. A drowsy oath, or muttered chaff, when shots hit unpleasantly near, was all the recognition the Arabs received. But at half past six, one of our nine-pounders and a Gardiner machine-gun suddenly blazed away, and hotly peppered a band of "woolly-heads" at fourteen hundred yards. Two hours afterwards, the men and officers of the second brigade were engaged in mortal struggle, hand to hand, foot to foot, with the Arabs; and their countrymen in the first brigade, who quietly watched the scene, wondered for a moment whether a horde of undisciplined savages had "wiped out" a British square.

Leaving the zereba, our two infantry squares, Davis's leading at an interval of some hundreds of yards from Butler's, resumed their line of march across the plateau, which, at a distance of a quarter to half a mile or more, sloped more or less steeply down into the intricate ramification of ravines which separated us from the Temanieb waters and Osman's camp. In about twenty minutes' time General Davis's square halted. Re-forming itself from the somewhat loose order into which it had fallen during the advance over very rough ground, it moved straightly and slowly towards the slope of the plateau.

The left flank and left-half front of the square were formed by the Black Watch under Colonel Green; the right-half front and right flank were composed of the 65th, under Colonel Byam; the royal marines, under Colonel Tuson, made up the rear.

The Arabs, whatever their plans of concealment may have been, took care to make themselves heard. They opened upon the second brigade with a terrific fire which lasted a minute or two. But their hailstorm of bullets flew, for the most part, quite harmlessly right over our heads. Out from the din rang the order, "Forty-second, charge!" and the left-half face of the square broke away with the wild war-cry of the Black Watch. Colonel Byam heard no order given to himself, but when he saw the Highlanders dash ahead, he, too, rushed on with his front-half battalion. There was a brief pause, followed by an outburst of musketry fire from the companies of the 65th, and the harsh, grating rattle of the Gatling guns near the front end of the right flank. Then the firing ceased, and there arose a hoarse, vast murmur of voices, above which sound-

ed, loud and quick, words of command in tones of anger, remonstrance, encouragement. It was the Arabs rushing. Our square was wrecked; and its fragments were driven hither and thither before the wild tide of triumphant savagery.

Swarming out of the ravine close to our right front and right flank, and swiftly running, like so many packs of hounds, the Arabs fell upon the right front and right flank of the square. On they dashed, in spite of the fire which mowed them down by scores. Their myriad spear-blades glittered amid the smoke and the dust. I sat on horseback near the front line, behind the half-battalion of the Highlanders. Viewed from that point the recoil of the 42nd half-front somewhat resembled the slow swing of a door on its hinges. If I may take the liberty of speaking of my own impressions, the feeling which that wonderful scene evoked was one of intense fascination, mingled with a certain kind of curiosity, and of surprise that the most renowned regiment in the British army should be handled in this manner by naked barbarians. There was one man in particular who riveted my attention. He stood out, alone, at some little distance from his comrades, who, with obstinate slowness, were retiring with their faces to the enemy. The easy, graceful attitude of that handsome Highlander, as with left leg extended, head turned slightly rightwards, and levelled rifle, he picked out his victims! Six yards in front of him a tall Arab, with upraised arm, was poised his spear, about to throw or rush. A puff of blue smoke, and the Arab, bounding into the air, fell forward on his face, as if he had been shot through the heart. In a moment or two down went another by a bullet from the same weapon. Unfortunately it was not every Highlander or "Old Sixty-fifth" man who could use his rifle or ply his bayonet. There was no elbow-room. The number and weight of the Arabs was so great, and the fatal "rush" through the heavy curtain of smoke so sudden, that our brave fellows were sorely puzzled how to act even in bare self-defence. A 65th officer very appropriately compared the appearance presented by his own part of the yielding line to that of the scramble in a game of football. A good instance in point occurred in the company of the 42nd commanded by Captain Scott-Stevenson. This officer was suddenly seized about the legs by some Arabs who were crawling or sprawling on the ground. One of them dragged at the frogs of his kilt, and then at his

"sporrán." The trick of kicking one's enemy hardly enters into the training of a British officer or soldier, but in such a crisis one need not be squeamish about formalities, and Stevenson, who is as strong as a horse, kicked out like one, and made a quick clearance. It happens that Captain Scott-Stevenson is one of the best boxers in the army, and now he found some use for the noble art. His claymore was too long a weapon for such close quarters, but he sent its steel "basket" crashing upon the nose and inquiring eyes of one assailant, and then with his left fist he capsized a second. In this way were the Highlanders swept back.

But even before this occurred, the 65th were driven in from the front and right flank. One-half at least of the square was being crushed inwards and rearwards upon the line of marines, who, hitherto, stood as steady as a stone wall. Numbers of the men of the 65th were knocked off their legs in the Arab rush. The colonel, with four of his officers — Ford, Dalgetty, Ethelstone, Smythe — were thrown down. Soldiers and savages alike went trampling over them. Gallant Ford was killed; Dalgetty fainted from loss of blood, and was rescued by one of his men; the others escaped by miracle. If Stevenson of the 42nd is known as a first-rate boxer, Colonel Byam of the York and Lancaster regiment is equally well known — and especially, perhaps, in India — as a first-rate revolver-shooter. As he lay on the ground he was assailed by four or five spearsmen. Crack! crack! crack! went Byam's weapon, dropping, or sufficiently maiming, an Arab at each touch of the trigger. The colonel rose up, and, while the main body of his regiment was breaking into pieces, some thirty of his men rallied round him. There they stood, those true heroes, back to back, repelling, with bayonet thrust, the repeated onslaughts of the Arabs who encircled them. Fifteen of Colonel Byam's men fell where they stood — their names are given in one of General Graham's despatches. All the thirty were very old soldiers — among the oldest in the regiment — and every man of the fifteen who perished bore three or four badges. This, however, was not the only example of a group isolating itself from the retiring mass. The Highlanders formed one or two such groups. The same thing happened in Tuson's splendid battalion, and these groups materially assisted to bring about the general rally which very soon followed. But for the anachronism of rifles and bayonets, these and other epi-

sodes of the fight might very well be compared to Homer's battles. Some of the Arabs, having hurled their spears at the English soldiers, took to stone-throwing. Colonel Green of the Black Watch was struck. Colonel Byam had his helmet knocked off, and was half-stunned by a boulder. Having lost his hat, he went bareheaded for the next hour and more, defying sunstroke.

It has been said above that the formation of isolated groups materially assisted to bring about the general rally, which took place in about twenty minutes, when the *disjecta membra* of the second brigade had been driven back three hundred yards. But a more potent aid to recovery now manifested itself—an aid without which General Davis's square *might* have been "wiped out." Suddenly, from the left flank of General Buller's square, came a volley of musketry, enfilading the victorious Arabs. Round by the left of General Davis's brigade came the cavalry, who, dismounting their men, poured another volley into the enemy's right flank. The Arabs were between two fires. The Highlanders, the 65th, and the marines reformed, and, after a brief interval of time, advanced once more, driving the Arabs before them over the old ground where many hundreds of their foes now lay dead. The Arabs attempted a second charge, but the attempt failed, and was short-lived. With the recapture of the guns, the second brigade wound up its share of the day's task.

The fortunes of General Buller's brigade were very different from those of General Davis's; and they may be very briefly described. Buller's square was halted at a distance of from four to five hundred yards from the slope of the plateau. Davis's was marched to within twenty yards of it. The narrowness of the space between the slope and the second brigade enabled the Arabs to "rush" the square before our men could find time to fire more than a few rounds; the breadth of the space between it and Buller's troops rendered it impossible for a "rush" to reach the square in face of a well-directed fire. Scarcely an Arab who ran nearer than eighty yards to Buller's lines lived to tell the tale. There was no hurry, no flurry, in the handling of this brigade. The men formed up, shoulder to shoulder, in leisurely order when they saw the Arabs coming on. Their deliberate volleys sounded like the harsh grating roar of the sea on a shingly beach, and when the smoke drifted slowly away, the tawny

plain reappeared, black with the bodies of the dead and the dying.

The good-humor of the Gordon Highlanders was as conspicuous as their steadiness. "Now, lads, do what I tell you," shouted Captain Woodward to his company, "and you'll each have an extra pint when we return." The lads laughed and cheered, and when they went back their captain scrupulously kept his promise. One of the neatest shots ever fired proceeded from a corner in the right flank of General Buller's square. A band of Arabs—some twenty-two or twenty-five of them—rushed to within seventy yards of the square. They halted behind a big, tall bush, as if to take breath, peering now and again round the branches, as if to see what the English were about. A shell was fired; the tall, thick bush shook from top to bottom, and after the battle was over all the Arabs were found dead on the spot.

General Buller had not only to help Davis, he had also to help himself. The Arab attack comprised three separate lines of assault. The Arabs evidently had a definite, settled, comprehensive plan, nor is it difficult to imagine that it might to some considerable extent have proved successful. The probability is that they expected us to fight in a single square, as at El Teb. If General Graham had done so, and had also pushed his single square into the position in which the second brigade received the enemy's rush, the Arabs might have had a very fair chance of surrounding us on all sides. This, however, is speculation. General Graham's force marched in two squares, separated from each other by a very considerable space, and yet the Arabs did try to get round them both. For the main attack of the Arabs on the first brigade was delivered on the right flank, and right-half front, both of which were formed by the Gordon Highlanders. The left flank of General Davis's brigade, and the right of General Buller's were, of course, the two extreme lines of the infantry formation, which included the two squares. But the Arabs not only made a series of attacks on the second and first brigades; they also made a separate attempt, namely on the zereba, where, it will be remembered, the army rested, or tried to rest, the night before, and in which, when the march-out took place in the morning, a company or two were left to take care of the sick and wounded, and to guard the stores. The attempt, partial as it was, on the zereba was speedily abandoned, no doubt in con-



sequence of the failure which the rush on the first brigade met with. Along the whole length of the ravine faced by General Graham's army the Arabs were grouped, in the hope of destroying this force, as they had destroyed Baker Pasha's. Away in the front of General Buller's position a considerable body of Arabs was seen, which did not join in the fight at all. This body drew off when General Buller's brigade, advancing to the ravines, and leaving the second brigade behind in the field, plunged into them, marched across, completed the dispersion of the enemy, and wound up the proceedings of this memorable day by the peaceful occupation of Osman Digna's camp.

The reader will now be in a position to understand the cause of the repulse sustained by General Davis's square. He will see that the fault was not the men's, nor the individual officers'. In an order issued at Suakin on Sunday, March 16, the general observed that "the naval brigade for a brief moment lost their guns, but through no fault of their own." The same words apply to the conduct of the Highlanders and the 65th, and, indeed, is implied in a subsequent order in which Sir Gerald Graham assumed responsibility for what had happened. The story of the break-up is brief and simple. The front line doubled, while the flanks and rear followed only in quick time. The lid was taken off the box. The Arabs made for the gaps, which, however, very few of them succeeded in entering. What they did do, was to crush in the front (the "lid") and the sides; and this the extreme shortness of the space over which they charged enabled them to do. The front line charged over a space of about a hundred yards, and halted, as already said, twenty yards from the edge of the slope. As Colonel Green and his officers expressed it, "We charged at nothing;" but they saw their comrades on the right—that is the 65th—and the blue-jackets "blazing away." In a minute or two the Arabs plunged through the smoke upon the right flank and right-front face and corner of the square, and then upon the Highlanders on the left-half front. Machine-guns in good hands can make dreadful havoc at ranges of from three hundred to two thousand yards; but in the hands even of the blue-jackets they speedily became useless at a range of twenty. So in the fearful rush, the blue-jackets, who had no supports, were swept away, but not before they had locked their guns, thus preventing them from being turned upon

ourselves by the Arabs. There was no such thing as a stampede. Speaking of the 42nd Highlanders in particular—for I stood close to a group of them, and certainly within fifteen yards of the nearest Arab—all I can say is that they fought like demons; they retreated backwards; they never turned an inch except to thrust at the Arabs who were trying to surround them. Confused and broken as the British recoil was, it would have been far worse with troops of less sterling quality than the 1st Royal Highlanders and the York and Lancasters. No other troops could have emerged with fewer disasters from the mad onset of those savages. To show how the same event may be interpreted by different minds, it may be mentioned that an Arab prisoner expressed to my fellow-correspondent, Mr. Cameron of the *Standard*, his opinion that our recoil was a deliberate trick to get the Arabs drawn in between three fires. Mr. Cameron's friend was as much impressed by the cunning as by the gallantry of the English.

The battles of Tamai and El Teb present as many contrasting features as the respective localities in which they were fought. At El Teb, cavalry (to a very small extent, however, by the Arabs), infantry, and artillery were employed, and that, too, most effectively on either side. Though our enemies were barbarians, our fight with them was a pretty series of evolutions, conducted pretty much on the usual lines of civilized and scientific warfare. But at Tamai the most interesting part of the performance consisted of a series of Homeric scimmages; the other part, of a series of cautious, deliberate, carefully aimed volleys. General Buller's brigade stood as quietly and collectedly as if it were engaged in an ordinary parade. At Tamai there was no artillery duel, as there was at El Teb; nor did the cavalry charge. While they were drawn up away to General Davis's left, in echeloned squadrons of brigade, it was thought that they might charge; and the Hussars afterwards regretted they had not the opportunity. But a charge could hardly be effected at any time, except at the risk of masking the infantry fire, and of rushing uncomfortably near to the ravines. What the Hussars did was to dismount and pour in volleys on their own account.

The cavalry service in this campaign may have already suggested to the reader's mind some notions respecting the conduct of future African wars. Clearly, English cavalry should not be employed

—if any other can be found—on such expeditions. Indian cavalry regiments are most admirably fitted for the work. A regiment like the 13th Bengal Lancers, for example, which distinguished itself so highly during the Egyptian campaign, would, by charging at the right moment, have wrought havoc among the Arabs at El Teb. In many respects there are no finer cavalry in the world than the Indian *sowars*, the crack regiments of which are raised exclusively from races and tribes of born warriors. An English cavalry man is, ordinarily, more muscular, "stronger," in the common, rough sense of the term, than the Sikh, or Pathan (Indo-Afghan of the Punjab frontier). But he has a great many more wants; while in a hot country like the Soudan—hot at most seasons of the year—the Sikh or Pathan would beat him in enduring the discomforts of thirst and of exposure to the sun. Of the two, the Indian would be the last to suffer from the ordinary ailments of campaigning, such as fever, diarrhoea, and dysentery. There is a great difference in the case of infantry. But here, also, native Indian infantry might be employed with advantage. No one need now be reminded of the supreme importance of steady, well-directed firing in checking the series of "rushes" in which the tactics of the Soudan Arabs chiefly consist. A comparison of the shooting-scores of native infantry regiments with those of our English battalions in India would surprise a good many people. As regards cold steel, one would with easy confidence back a regiment of Ghoorkhas against their own number, at least, of Arab spearmen. A Ghoorkha, with his bayonet and *kookrie*—huge, curved knife, to which the Soudani Arab knife is a mere toy—is about as unpleasant an enemy to encounter as can well be found in the old world. As to the supposed religious difficulty—Mahomedans fighting against Mahomedans—the thing does not exist. In the first place, some of the Indian regiments which would be employed in an African campaign are composed of Hindoos. In the second place, Soudani Mahomedans have been fighting Egyptian Mahomedans; two years ago, Indian Mahomedans fought their co-religionists in Lower Egypt, and were sorry they had no more of it; and they have been employed by us against Mahomedans in Afghanistan and in India itself. As regards sickness, there were not half-a-dozen cases of serious illness, worthy the name, in the whole of the Indian contingent during the

Egyptian campaign. Supposing Admiral Hewett and King John agree together, what would there be to prevent an Indian contingent from landing, in twenty-four days, at Massowah, and reaching, in seventeen or eighteen days, the Atbara River, which they could follow towards Berber, or from which they might strike across to Khartoum?

As to the question of the maintenance of the health of English troops, it is surprising to think how much depends on the observance of the very simplest precautions. It certainly looked serious when, almost as soon as they started, the men began to fall out by scores, during the first day of General Graham's last march in search of Osman Digna. But the falling out was owing to the fact that the men started shortly after dinner, and in the hottest part of the day. Next day we started very early in the morning. We marched for hours across a labyrinth of ravines, all gravel and boulders, and in many places so steep that the passage of them might not unaptly be compared to going up and down ladders. Including a brief rest at Tamanieb water, the whole march, going and coming, lasted twelve hours; yet, throughout the whole of that period, not more than three men left the ranks, and I believe they were in their places again before they returned to camp.

General Graham's campaign has taught the Arabs at least one good lesson—respect for the English, a more pleasant feeling for them to harbor than their contempt and inextinguishable hate for the Egyptians. The kindness which their prisoners have received at our hands, and the forbearance shown to them when they might well have expected stern punishment, have undoubtedly given those fearless barbarians some glimmering of a new world of ideas; the English, they understand, are as merciful as they are brave. "But why, then, do you come to fight us?" asked one of the prisoners to whom I have alluded in a preceding paragraph. The questioner was not well up in politics. And he had narrow views about other matters, as, for example, in military tactics, when he bluntly, and even roughly, expressed his inability to understand how an honest people like the English could have sneaked round by the rear of the entrenchments at El Teb, instead of attacking them straightforwardly from the front, where his tribesmen were prepared to receive us.

On the other hand—and this is one of the most pleasing features of General Gra-



ham's brilliant little campaign — the British soldier very soon conceived, and as heartily expressed, his admiration for his enemy. In the field, of course, he did his best to exterminate him; but in camp he often spoke of "the pity of killing such splendid fellows, who after all are only rebelling against those rotten Egyptians." (The British soldier's contempt for the Egyptians grew rather than diminished in consequence of an incident of Tokar. The blue-jackets had, with their own hands, dragged their guns all the way from Trinkitat — seventeen miles — across sand and mud. They were thirsty. They asked for water from some of the Egyptians whom they had just come to relieve. "Bukhsheesh," replied the Egyptians, holding out their palms. The Egyptians who came up with the convoy drank half of the water in store, and spilled most of the rest.) The British soldier cheerily admits that he might have fared much worse than he did if only the Arabs were as knowing as they were plucky. "Why did they not cut off our convoys?" "Why did they not attack us at night in the zerebas?" "Why did they use weapons which they did not understand?" "Why did they not keep quiet at Teb, and, when we got close enough to them, jump upon us with their spears?"

Other characteristics, which must be mentioned to the British soldier's great credit, were his knack of making the best of a bad situation, and his patience under the most trying hardships. The artillerymen from India had neither horses nor guns — this was an unavoidable accident of the situation. They got guns from the fleet, they made mules do the work of horses, and somehow they picked up all the necessary accoutrements. The 10th Hussars, also from India, had no horses. They took over the horses of Baker's Egyptian cavalry. The saddlery was rotten; there were not even heelropes; the horses were badly shod, and most wretchedly trained. In a few days horses and saddlery looked so "smart" that one could scarcely recognize them. With a 10th Hussar man on his back, the Egyptian "tat" walked and galloped like an entirely different being. Take the case of the "Old Sixty-fifth." This corps, homeward bound after thirteen years in India, was intercepted on its voyage up the Red Sea. Immediately on reaching Trinkitat the men were ordered to land, which they at once did, with only their arms and the clothes on their backs. As they did not expect to be employed on

service, but only to take off the women and children to Suez, they were wholly unprovided for a campaign. But, as soon as they disembarked, they each man received a hundred rounds of ammunition and a water-bottle. We were then at Fort Baker, and had been wondering anxiously — for the battle was to come off to-morrow, our force was small, and we knew the Arabs would fight desperately — whether the 65th would come in time. They started from Trinkitat long after dusk, and for hours went plashing and plunging through one of the most abominable morasses (as it then was) in the universe: this was the three-mile expanse of sand and slush which separates the Trinkitat peninsula from the portion of the mainland on which stands Fort Baker. In some places the men waded half-way up to their waists; many of them lost their boots; all were drenched with sea-water, and covered with mud. About ten, as we sat round our blazing watch-fires, the 65th straggled into camp, cold and hungry. They were heartily cheered and, what was more to the purpose, treated to a dram of good rum. Like the rest of us, they slept without any covering through the rain, which fell heavily all that night; and a few hours after they were having the brunt of the battle. They were in the front line of the advance upon Tokar; and during the whole of the arduous march — thirty-four miles, most of it under a fierce sun — not a man fell out. Landing at Suakin, they bivouacked for some days *sub Jove fervido*: how and where they got their tents I do not know. Having come without their kits, change of raiment was naturally out of the question. But in the intervals of rest the men might wash their clothes piecemeal — go about in their trousers, for example, while their tunics were drying. At Suakin there were seven washing-days in the week; along a mile of sea-beach, and in the crystal-clear water, beneath which the corals spread out, minutely visible, their delicate branch-work, hundreds of men bathed at all hours of the day, or, with nothing on but their ungainly pith hats, scrubbed their clothes, and wrung the sea-water out of them with the knowing air of practised laundresses. The nude Highlanders used on those occasions to present an oddly piebald appearance — the brown tan on the knees and calves, where kilt and hose left them exposed to the sun, contrasting sharply with the white of their bodies. The 65th officers were no better off than the rank and file. As they were homeward bound, they

too had come without their kits, or furniture of any sort. The first time I saw the colonel he was sitting cross-legged on the sand, quietly consuming, with the help of a clasp knife and an iron saucer, his luncheon of "bully beef" and whiskey. After a time the colonel and officers contrived to beg, borrow, or steal a few knives and forks, and deal boxes to sit, sleep, and eat upon. Of course they had come on shore without their horses — they had sold them in India or at Aden — and they did all or most of their campaigning in the Soudan on foot. The reader must not imagine from the above details that there was any grumbling among the men, or scarcity of provisions, or administrative bungling. On the contrary, the men were from first to last in the best of spirits; the rations were always abundant and of excellent quality; never were the commissariat and transport better managed than on General Graham's expedition. Here is a little incident well worth mentioning in connection with the subject of rations and the rare luxuries of campaigning. One night before a march-out some champagne was produced at a certain mess. An officer remarked that the pop of champagne corks might sound rather selfish where the men had only their allowance of plain water. "Hear, hear!" was the all-round response, and the champagne was stowed away for another season.

And now that General Graham's magnificent little army — too little, it seems, to deserve the thanks of the English Parliament, though it has received the thanks and compelled the admiration of the English people — now that this army has finished its task, shall we think that the Arabs consider themselves beaten? Most of us thought that they retired from El Teb and Tamai too sourly and too sulkily for people who might be supposed to have been subdued as well as defeated. Certainly they never faced us again after Tamai. Only a few of them were visible a long way off when, the day after that fight, the force marched across the ravines and set fire to Osman Digna's encampment and stores, where the red flames, springing up in a score of localities all over the level green plain, mounted a hundred feet high, and the exploding ammunition maintained for half an hour a continuous roar like that of a pitched battle. Nor did they appear when, in the end of March, General Graham, rather expecting a third battle, marched for the last time with his force to the Tamanieb

stream, and along its banks by the pine-trees, the feathery palms, and the foaming cascade, to the narrow gorges in the hills. But it is not certain that the Arabs think Osman Digna's power has vanished in smoke; and we have not heard the last of the insurrection in the eastern Soudan.

JOHN MACDONALD.

From Good Words.

## BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

A MODERN ROMANCE.

BY SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JACQUELINE," "LADY BELL," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXII.

#### SHIFTING THE SCENES.

IRIS had gone to the rectory, where she had sometimes taken refuge before when made to understand that her presence was not desired, in some specially troubled state of the Lambford atmosphere. She was always welcome, without a word asked, at the rectory. It was a crowded, well-worn house, where even necessary expenses had to be pared down; but a place for her had never been wanting. The rector did consider her a pet lamb of his flock, though he was occasionally a little theatrical in implying the relation between them. There was no insincerity in his stagnancy. He was only somewhat flourishing and flowery in speech and action, by nature, which caused him to be one of the most popular preachers within a considerable area. Lucy was quite proud of his eloquence. It had a different effect on Ludovic, who could not escape the suspicion that his father was apt to be grandiloquent, and that his pathos savored now and then of bathos. He knit his brows sometimes — a strange exertion for King Lud when he was at home — and wished the governor could be curter and simpler in his speech. The rector's loquacity helped to seal his son's lips — at the same time the young fellow knew his father too well not to be sensible, to his own great comfort, that his senior was single-minded and whole-hearted in all the rhetoric he indulged in. Harassed little Mrs. Acton, born an anxious woman, and married on a small income, with a large family over which to spread the scanty supply, had no time, as she frequently said half plaintively, half peevishly, for speechifying; but she still honored and admired her husband for doing both what she could and could not do,

and kept a corner in her crowded heart and mind for one who had grown up like a child of the family. This fact was not seriously impaired by the circumstance that Mrs. Acton — always under the necessity of looking at the pounds, shillings, and pence side of the question — had permitted certain worldly considerations to come in, where her regard for this outlying child of hers was concerned. Iris might prove a boon to her adopted brothers and sisters. Her antecedents were not all that could be desired. Lord and Lady Fermor had been a trial and care to the rector throughout his incumbency; but they were a peer and peeress all the same, and Miss Compton, their granddaughter, would inherit a considerable fortune. No doubt she would marry suitably, whether her heart might or might not incline eventually to a distinguished naval officer, with whom she had been on intimate terms from childhood. Her early and constant association with the family of a clergyman, and a clergyman so much respected and admired as Mr. Acton was, afforded ample assurance that she had escaped any injury from having been brought up by her poor old grandmother and grandfather. It was not possible that Iris Compton could ever forget what she had owed the Actons, or lose sight of the boys and girls of the rectory, in after life.

Ludovic was thankful to get another and more disengaged lady to play his accompaniments. Lucy hailed gladly the advent of her friend, and could count on her sincere opinion with regard to the progress of the choir, and her interest and help in all the work of the parish which could fall to a clergywoman, in the little rubs with the curates, and in the Acton children's lessons.

Iris, whose life was in the shade, would have sunned herself, as she had done formerly, in the light of such a welcome. Her spirits would have risen. She would have become the life of the rectory while her visit lasted. But she had received a shock, and the news travelling fast had already reached the rectory, and was disturbing it too, in a milder degree. There would have been some doubt and delicacy in discussing the topic of the hour before Iris Compton, if Lucy had not felt herself bound to come forward before her friend's arrival, and explain that Sir William's deplorable marriage could be nothing to Iris, nothing in the world. Lucy just kept within the bounds of confidence in solemnly assuring her listeners, that she knew for certain that Iris would never

have listened to Sir William Thwaite, whom, no doubt, Lady Fermor had favored, though there had not been such a person as Honor Smith, or though she had never crossed the gentleman's path and he had stood firm, instead of tumbling headlong from the eminence to which he had been raised.

Thus Iris heard the general sentiment expressed, with no more reservation than was likely to be used in any of the country houses round. Everybody was holding up his or her hands for the moment, and crying, with Lady Thwaite, that *mésalliances* were in the blood — as if family traits, like the best-regulated comets, were bound to return at stated intervals. The regret was general that the fellow had ever been taken up in the fashion he had been, though coming events neither did nor could cast their shadows before.

Mrs. Acton lamented the loss of Whitehills from a visiting list, which was inevitably short, for girls who could not go much from home, and yet ought to see a little society. She did not even think she could call there with her subscription-book, if the new Lady Thwaite proved the dreadful woman she was represented to be.

The rector declared it was a highly unsuitable marriage, which did not recommend itself to him in any light. He had trusted that Sir William Thwaite was assuming his ancestral responsibilities, and preparing to discharge the obligations of his rank and position in a manner becoming his — well, he could not say his birth and education, but he might put it — with some regard to the influence of his wealth and rank in the county. Instead, there was this utterly unbecoming, rash, ill-omened step, which was calculated to bring contempt on his order, and at the same time to heighten, rather than to decrease, class antagonism.

"I am rather sorry for the poor beggar," said King Lud, standing up for the assailed man; "though I do not believe he has any soul for music. You remember I could not agree with you on his waltzing, Miss Compton? Possibly the coming Lady Thwaite has never seen him waltz. I consider the loss is mutual — indeed, rather the greater on her side. She seems to be game all through — a splendid wife for the last of the great travellers, or the settler on the remotest verge of civilization — she will be more lost at Whitehills than he can be, though he should fall back into her set."

"Don't talk nonsense, my dear boy," insisted Lucy. "He must be a horrible man to have known anything better, and then to select a wild woman, a heathen, for his wife. I don't suppose she was ever so much as taught her church catechism. I know both papa and Mr. Venables were refused admittance to the cottage at Hawley Scrub—at least they could never find anybody at home when they called; could you, papa?"

When Lucy was alone with her friend, then Lucy caught Iris's hands. "It seems almost wrong to congratulate you on the dreadful folly of another person; but oh, I do, my dear; I do wish you joy of such a wonderful escape. I know you never looked at him or thought of him for a second in such a light. Who has such good reason to know that as I? Iris, it is like a special interposition of Providence on your behalf."

Iris drew back with a little shiver, and grew very pale. What if it had been no special providence, but simply her doing? His words were ringing in her ears—that she had sent him away from her with seven devils, instead of one, to bear him company.

Lucy entirely misinterpreted Iris's emotion. "It is hard for you at present, my love, for we all know Lady Fermor is rather a difficult person to deal with; but though old people do not like to be thwarted in what they have set their hearts upon, they soon forget, and she will speedily recognize that you have been very fortunate, and will be thankful for it in her own way."

"It is not that," said Iris, twisting and untwisting her slim fingers; "it is not grandamma, though of course I am very sorry for having vexed her. But what if I drove him to it? It seems a very vain thing for me to say," added Iris, blushing deeply, "but I believe he cared for me a great deal more than I deserve. He was terribly put out in the hay-field."

"You could not help that, Iris," said Lucy promptly.

"No, but all of you, except perhaps your brother, speak of her as if she were some shameful creature whom you can hardly bring yourselves to mention. And I am afraid," continued Iris, with her eyes growing moist and her lips quivering, "when I first heard the story I did the same. I thought I was doubly disgraced by being brought into association with such a woman as Honor Smith. She was only a little less despicable than he was, because she did not know any better, and

it did not appear to signify what became of her."

"No, not that exactly," denied Lucy.

"I had forgotten the forlorn child, the warm-hearted girl who used to bring me from her wanderings in the woods and the downs anything she thought I might like, and was so pleased to have it to give to me," said Iris piteously. "Indeed, Lucy, though she has the misfortune not to be taught or confirmed—though she has not availed herself of the privilege of coming to church—though she is wild, she is not bad, apart from such lawlessness as her father and brothers may have taught her. Now what will become of her—of them both? Everybody will turn against them. She will be separated from the few friends of her own she has ever had, and if even he does not care for her, and they are both miserable, I am to blame for it all," cried Iris, with her hazel eyes opening wide and her lips falling apart in the extremity of her distress.

"My dear child, you are a great deal too tender-hearted and scrupulous," Lucy told her decidedly. "It is no business of yours; you ought only to be thankful for your own escape."

"But I was never in any danger," persisted Iris, "and I am only one rescued to two ruined."

"Such a one to such a pair!" Lucy exclaimed indignantly.

Iris's next words sounded as if they were in answer to the scornful objection, though she had neither heard nor heeded it. "There is something fine in him. He is not mercenary. He has stood by his promise to his friend to drink nothing save water; and she—she is not wholly bad. Oh! far from that, when one thinks how she has been brought up. She might have had the making of a grand woman in her. And who made any of us to differ, Lucy, that we should condemn instead of being sorry for them?"

"But they are not sorry for themselves, and it is their look-out," protested Lucy with good-humored impatience. "Leave them to take care of themselves and of each other. If there be any good in them—I confess it is not very conspicuous to me—there is no reason why it should not come out. My dear, forgive me for laughing and scolding you a little, but I am so happy on your account. Lud talked some nonsense about her being a splendid wife for a traveller or settler, but that is because men think it necessary to praise courage and daring wherever they meet them—even King Lud falls into the af-

fection — while they don't hesitate to prefer timidity and humility in any woman with whom they themselves have to do. Who prevented Honor Smith from being taught and confirmed, and from coming to church? I am certain she had every opportunity, but she chose to be a heathen. I dare say she will continue so after she is Lady Thwaite — a fine example for her household! I don't know whether even the bishop, dear old soul, could confirm her privately. Iris, how can you call her good?"

"Everybody who is confirmed and comes to church is not good," Iris defended herself.

"Certainly not, but at least they put themselves in the way of becoming better. The last time I heard you speak of Sir William, when I was over at Lambford, you never hinted at reserves of nobility and virtue in his character. Nobility and virtue in a man who, after the company he has kept for the last five or six months, sinks himself and destroys his usefulness for the rest of his days by marrying the daughter of his under-keeper — a girl like Honor Smith! Don't preach the reverse to me. The man must always have had low tastes, which is not at all to be wondered at, and he had never got quit of them — you may spare yourself your self-reproaches. Iris, I am surprised that you can find any pity to waste upon him. Take my advice and don't do it, dear; be wiser and harder-hearted, lest people, who do not know you, take it upon them to say you cared a little for him, and are disappointed by his horrid conduct."

"I don't think you quite understand, Lucy," said Iris, in a low, slightly hurt tone. She was not in a mood to mind what people said of her, but it pained her to find that her friend could not sympathize with her in her tenderest feelings. "It is not that I think he need have cared much or that I am any great loss."

"My darling, don't say that — I never thought so," Lucy interrupted her affectionately. "The loss of every hope of you might well be the greatest earthly loss, all but enough for a man to break his heart about. For you know papa does not consider, and I agree with him, that a Christian ought to break his heart, quite, about any merely earthly good. But then this man has shamed himself and shown that he was a world inferior to you, not capable of valuing you. I know you are not vain, the last girl in the world to be vain, but I think you exaggerate unconsciously here."

On the following day there was some calming down, except in one gentle heart and sensitive conscience, of the excitement over the great event of the week, which as far transcended the long-talked-of cotillon ball, or the Whitehills hay-making, as a murder surpasses in grim interest a cricket match or a flower show. Lucy and Iris strolled together to a nook which they were pleased to call their own, in the overgrown rectory shrubberies.

Iris was trying to enjoy, as she had been wont to do, a piece of work and a book with Lucy, feeling all the more bound to be happy, because hard-working Lucy was making an hour and a half's leisure, on purpose to spend it in congenial pursuits with her friend. If only Iris could have got rid, on the first of the golden autumnal days, of that doleful burden of two lives wrecked inadvertently by her means. Lucy might tell her it was conceded to think so, but Iris could not cast off the impression. Poor Sir William! Poor Honor! Looking at their marriage in every light, Iris could not believe that there was any chance of its turning out well.

While the girls sat and worked and read, with the undercurrent of troubled dreaming on one side, Lady Thwaite, the coming dowager, had called at the rectory. It was a P.P.C. call. She wished to see the girls, and preferred going out to them, to having them sent for to come in to her. Mrs. Acton accompanied her, and the group stood for a few minutes, talking idle nothings among the box and laurel bushes.

Then there was a summons for Mrs. Acton to return to the house, and she made a sign for Lucy to accompany her. "Lady Thwaite has something to say to Iris, and we had better leave them to themselves," the little woman said somewhat fussily to her daughter, when they were a few paces off.

Lady Thwaite suddenly stopped the well-bred nothings. "Do you know what I am going to do, Iris?" she inquired directly.

"No," said Iris, a little bewildered and alarmed. "I thought there was nothing that could be done. What can you do?"

"For him — nothing, but for myself, I hope, a good deal," answered the lady hastily. "I am starting to-morrow morning for Switzerland, where I shall pass the rest of the summer. In the autumn I shall either go to Italy or return as far as Paris, and spend the winter there."

"You have planned the trip since I saw



you," remarked Iris awkwardly, not knowing very well what to say.

"Of course. Should you have liked to go with me? But you would have been dreadfully hurried in your preparations. Besides, there would have been no use in proposing it, for I am convinced Lady Fermor would never have given her consent. She has quarrelled with the whole world, including myself, on account of Sir William's insane behavior. We are all alike in her black books, as if we would not—some of us at least—have done our very best to prevent the catastrophe."

All the time Lady Thwaite was speaking she was thinking to herself, "It is the nice thing to say to Iris Compton, and I might have been glad of her company in a way. Her French has not got the time to rust that mine has had. But she has shown herself an unpractical girl. Above all, I might meet people who would know her name, and have heard of the Fermors. There might be revivals of scandal and unpleasant reminiscences. I have done my duty all my life, why am I to pay the penalty of other people's iniquities? She has been a fool for herself and others, and done a great deal of mischief all round, with her child's face and her goodness. I am not sure that she is not such an idiot as to repent, and, what is still worse, to show her repentance when it is too late, for she looks dreadfully distressed, and is changing color every minute."

But Iris had some spirit left. "Thank you, Lady Thwaite, I should not like to go from home just now, even though grandmamma wished it. It would seem as if I were running away, either from something I had done, or from something that was going to happen," she finished a little vaguely, but she held up her head, and there was a fine color in her cheeks while she spoke.

"You are perfectly right. I am glad that you see it in that light," said Lady Thwaite approvingly. "The little gossip which mixes your name with the affair will soon die out. I wish the misfortune might end there."

"But is it not possible for everybody to live it down," said Iris bravely. "Must you go, Lady Thwaite?"

"Yes, indeed. I have had a long trip to the Continent in my mind ever since Sir John's death. I was only once abroad, and that was for my honeymoon. But Sir John caught cold the second week, and was not able for sight-seeing, and could not be induced to believe that he would

be comfortable or could get well till he was at Whitehills again. Oh, yes, I intended to go, but I did not imagine that I should be driven off in this fashion. How I wish that I had started at once for a change, and moved on as I felt inclined!"

"But could you not help them," interposed Iris anxiously, "Sir William and his wife? they will have nobody to stand by them. You are connected with him; you have influence in society."

"Iris Compton, have you lost your senses? what can you mean?" protested Lady Thwaite indignantly. "It is bad enough to think of such a woman in my place. It is forcing me away from my home and my friends, but for you to suggest that I should countenance her!"

"I don't know why you all cry out so against her," burst from Iris. "It is not fair, and it is merciless. If she is wild she is not faster in her rank than Lord Eastbury's family have gloried in being in theirs. Maudie and Nanny Hollis have done as many things to make people stare, without a particle of the excuse that Honor Smith could plead. You have countenanced Sir William, yet one would have thought that harder to do."

"It was hard," said Lady Thwaite ruefully, "to acknowledge a rude lout in my husband's and boy's place, and to defer to him. But I did it; nobody could say I failed. Oh, Iris, if you had played your part, how much harm and sorrow would have been spared!"

The reproach, however unmerited, fell in with Iris's equally gratuitous compunction and stung her sharply, so sharply that it helped the inconsistency of human nature to reassert itself proudly.

"How can you speak so to me, Lady Thwaite? was I this man's keeper? He was something to you; he could be nothing to me."

"Very well, Iris, let us drop the subject," said Lady Thwaite, continuing it all the same, while she composed her ruffled plumes. "It is true I have no call to blame you, but neither should you be so foolish and childish as to suggest that I ought to adopt this ill—or well matched couple. The thing is not to be thought of for an instant. It would be improper—wrong. It was quite different in Sir William's case. He came here a single man, and we might have made something of him amongst us all, we might have trimmed and polished him by judicious management. Don't put up your lip, you little goose," Lady Thwaite was provoked to add, though she was no longer out of



temper, and was speaking more in sorrow dashed with playfulness, than in anger. "You will know some day that men have to be managed for their own good, as well as for a quiet life and an honorable position, where women are concerned. But if I were to attempt to take this Honor Smith up, it would be for no good either to her or any one else. A woman like her is beyond being subdued and cultivated. And for whom should I make the sacrifice—a Sir William, a distant, unacknowledged kinsman of my late husband, and his low-born, ill-conditioned wife, with her doubtful reputation—however you may explain it away and defend her?" Lady Thwaite was silent once more, and then finished with a touch of natural pathos, "If it had been my boy grown to be a man, and I had negotiated his marriage like a proud mother who would not have counted the best match in the country, or the most beautiful, amiable girl, too good for her son; and if he had turned against me, against all his wisest advisers, though I cannot imagine it of Johnnie, supposing he had lived to become strong and grown a man; still, if he had chosen the worst instead of the best match, I might have tried to make the most of it and risked something, or even lost all for him. But that is a mother's heart; no other heart can be like a mother's."

Iris might have answered, none save the heart of that most perfect type of womanhood in which motherliness is the central human principle from the beginning. It may be seen in the little girl who "mothers" in succession her doll, her kitten, her dog, her thoughtless school-boy brother, her selfish grown-up sister, her exacting, unconscionable lover, her grumpy husband—until the long roll at last reaches her first *bonâ-fide* baby. It may be seen in the aged woman whose last conscious thought is to give others pleasure and save them trouble. But Iris remained silent.

"I shall not see you for some time, my dear girl," said Lady Thwaite, in her most caressing tones; "I hope—nay, I have not the slightest doubt—that any little misunderstanding or difference of opinion we may have had will be entirely forgotten before then. In the mean time I shall look forward to our next meeting. We part friends, don't we, Iris?"

"Oh, yes; we part friends," answered Iris a little mechanically, and Lady Thwaite kissed and left her.

Iris clasped her hands and asked herself, "Why cannot I believe her? She

blames me, to be sure; but even she does not refuse to admit that I was free to act as I chose. Lucy—everybody agrees in that, except grandmamma, and I can make allowance for her liking for Sir William and her wish to get an establishment for me. Oh! I don't want an establishment; and it is most humiliating to have one sought out and planned for on my account. He did not think of things in that light. However unreasonable and unsuitable, he sought me for myself, and implored me to take him—not Whitehills. Has he got over it already? Is this that he has done getting over it, or will worse come of it, with two ungovernable, reckless spirits in collision—not in union? Lady Thwaite fears it, and so she has taken herself away not to be tortured or shocked by the tragedy."

Iris set herself to brood on all the most horrible tragedies—the unhappy memories of which lingered in a remote, primitive county like Eastwich. There were disappointed lovers who had shot themselves, dying with the stain of their life-blood upon their hands. There were neglected, ill-used women who had sought the oblivion of strong drink, or worked themselves into frenzied madness under the contemplation of their wrongs. There were hapless little children who grew up uncared for and forlorn, bones of contention instead of links of love between their miserable fathers and mothers. And who was it that had first used the defence which Iris had made so glibly to Lady Thwaite? Cain, who slew his brother Abel. She must have dismissed Sir William, but could she not have done it so gently, with such humility instead of pride, with such sympathy and sorrow, that she would have retained him as her friend? She might have helped to win him to what was good and right, in place of sending him to his destruction.

One of poor Honor's grave offences, in the eyes of the rectory especially, was that she had not been in the habit of coming to church. But Sir William had always marched there, taken his seat in the Whitehills pew, and joined in the service according to military usage. From the first day that the banns were published, he marched Honor to church in his company, on the ground that they would do nothing in the dark, and they were not ashamed of their purpose, which they were bringing to its legitimate issue. He did not ask her to sit with him in the Whitehills pew; he descended the gallery stairs, and sat by her in one of the humble free seats near the

door, which she had been wont to occupy on the rare occasions when she had been seen at church.

He did not enter any protest against her dress, possibly he did not notice it in the pitch of furious reaction and defiance which he had reached, though he knew that she had refused all gifts from him till she was his wife. Thus she wore nothing better than the least rusty of her black gowns, with one of her gaudy colored neckerchiefs, and the concession of a hat over her rough brown hair. In this guise she still appeared a handsome, striking-looking woman, and there was no denying that the discharged soldier and the poaching scoundrel's daughter formed a comely, stalwart couple.

The sensation which the pair excited was beyond what would have been produced by the entrance of the queen and every member of the royal family into the country church, though Eastwich was not behind other English shires in loyalty. The rector had difficulty in keeping his place and countenance, and reading with his usual solemn dramatic effect. If Lady Fermor had been in her pew she would almost certainly have spoken out her disapproval, to the scandal of the community; but the old lady was absent, for which more than one person felt devoutly thankful.

Iris saw the two from the rectory pew, and after one startled, wistful glance, in which she failed to meet the eye of either, a certain peace stole over her little face. They were all together in the house of God; they were equal in his sight. Would not he make everything right and bring good out of evil?

There was one person who ventured to greet the tabooed bride and bridegroom, from whom others separated themselves and scattered, as if the couple were uncanny, or carried about with them the seeds of a pestilence. The daring individual was, of all people, that modest fellow, King Lud. He went out of his way to intercept and address Sir William, a piece of attention which met with no encouragement from its object, and drew down censure upon the bestower.

"My dear Ludovic," Mrs. Acton remonstrated with her son afterwards, "what could induce you to come prominently forward and speak to Sir William Thwaite to-day? You were not so intimate with him as to warrant that. It would have been no credit to you if you

had been friends, but, I believe, you were on little more than speaking terms. This was such a conspicuous, unnecessary step on your part, my dear boy, and it looked — it really looked as if you were lending your countenance to a disgraceful proceeding which has grieved your father and me very much. It was affording a bad example on your part, also, Ludovic."

"My dear mother!" — Ludovic took the reprimand with perfect good humor — "I could not cut the fellow as I saw other people do, because he was going to marry any woman in the world he chose to marry. But before you allow your serenity to be disturbed remember I have no countenance to lend. I am a poor beggar of a naval lieutenant, a complete nobody, except in your partial estimation. And as to a bad example, I hope I may never supply a worse. I must say, if the governor has no more evil deed than this to cut him up, he is uncommonly well off, which, I am willing to add in the most filial spirit, he deserves to be. King Cophetua may still marry the beggar-maid, I hope."

Iris looked round at Ludovic Acton with eager pleasure, and she was so soft and kind to him for the next few days, that if ever there were danger of friendship passing into love this was the time.

Sir William Thwaite and Honor Smith were married, without more trouble, or without any demonstration of public dissatisfaction, on the day they had fixed. They went on no marriage tour, but repaired to Whitehills, which was likely to afford them as entire retirement as they could desire or hope to procure elsewhere.

Iris Compton returned to Lambford about the same time. For some weeks her grandmother shunned her systematically, but, beyond the fact of the shunning, the only sign of Lady Fermor's displeasure was the angry light in her eyes and the snarling abruptness of her tones, when she was forced to speak to Iris. As the inevitable intercourse of daily life gradually relaxed Lady Fermor's avoidance of her granddaughter, the old lady began to let out more of her feelings. But as yet it was no worse than the first scratches inflicted by the envenomed talons, and Iris had known so little of the soft pats of the velvet paws which frequently precede such attacks, that she could bear them without outcry, only with a little inward moan.

From The Fortnightly Review.  
SOPHOCLES.

THE appearance of the first volume of a complete edition of Sophocles, by Professor Jebb, is an event of interest, not only to classical students, but to all who care for literature. No living English scholar unites in himself so many of the qualities which, for our generation, form the ideal of classical scholarship. He has the passion for beauty, the feeling for style and literary expression, the artistic enthusiasm of the Italian Renaissance. But he is moreover a laborious worker over a wide field; he has grasped the history of the ideas and usages of the ancient world, and presents his learning in forms of graceful and finished composition. While the distinctive movement of our own day in the province of classical criticism has been towards the union of the literary with the scientific spirit, the latter has tended to preponderate. The study of language and archaeology on the technical side seems at times to kill the literary sense. Professor Jebb has been largely affected by the scientific movement of the age; the growing influence upon him of the new critical and comparative methods may be traced in his successive writings. But the scientific influence has strengthened, not impaired, his literary perception by broadening the basis on which an appreciative judgment can be formed, and by adding clearness, completeness, and precision to his mode of statement and exposition.

After excursions into various domains of classical literature and archaeology, he has returned to Sophocles, the object of his earliest affections, with his brilliant powers enriched and invigorated by these wider studies. He is more erudite, more scientific, than before, but not less artistic.

This volume of Sophocles ought to appeal to the educated public through the fine literary criticism contained in the introduction, and even more, perhaps, through the prose translation which accompanies the text. The translation, as Professor Jebb explains in his preface, is intended primarily to be judged "from the standpoint of the commentator as an indispensable instrument of lucid interpretation." But he adds:—

The second object which has been proposed to this edition regards educated readers generally, not classical students alone. It is my hope—whether a vain one or not I hardly know—that the English version facing the Greek text may induce some persons to read a

play of Sophocles as they would read a great poem of a modern poet,—with no interposing nightmare of *τύπω* as at Athens came between Thackeray and his instinctive sense of what was admirable in the nature and art around him,—but with free exercise of the mind and taste, thinking only of the drama itself, and of its qualities as such. Surely that is, above all things, what is to be desired by us just now in regard to all the worthiest literature of the world—that people should know some part of it *at first hand*, not merely through manuals of literary history or magazine articles.

... Any one who had read thoroughly and intelligently a single play such as the *Œdipus Tyrannus* would have derived far more intellectual advantage from Greek literature, and would comprehend far better what it has signified in the spiritual history of mankind, than if he had committed to memory the names, dates, and abridged contents of a hundred Greek books ranging over half-a-dozen centuries.

It would be impossible here to quote the innumerable felicities of the prose translation, or adequately to illustrate a quality which the Greeks call *μετρίότης*—the reserve, the temperate strength, the harmonious perfection of the whole. A translator needs constantly to bear in mind the Greek proverb, "The half is greater than the whole"—a proverb whose truth has too often been forgotten by the authors of the revised version of the New Testament. Language must not be forced to go beyond its own capacities. Occasionally, though very rarely, Professor Jebb himself is, perhaps, misled by a scrupulous desire to bring out the full meaning of the original, into expressions which are rather elaborate and over-weighted. Yet, it may safely be said that no one else could have produced a translation in which the claims of the letter and the spirit are so finely reconciled.

The language of Sophocles may well strike despair into the translator or commentator. It is a mysterious union of popular\* and literary idiom, of learning and originality. Apparently simple, it is full of subtle associations,† and charged with poetic memories of the past. Over and above its obvious sense it has a meaning and emotion which these memories and associations waken. It is a language of delicate suggestion and allusiveness, resembling in some measure the language

\* For colloquial phrases see O. T. 336, 363, 371, 1008. I suspect that the expression *νῦν πᾶσι χαίρω* (O. T. 596) is one of this kind.

† E.g., O. T. 161, 'Ἀρτεμῖν, ὃ κυκλόεντ' ἀγορὰς θρόνον ἐκλέα θύσσει. 930, παντελὲς δάμαρ. See the notes on both passages.

of Virgil and of Milton. It means more — nay, at times something other — than it seems to say. Shifting lights and colors play about the words,\* which defy strict analysis; when we attempt to reduce them to prosaic simplicity they elude our grasp. Without doing violence to Attic idiom, Sophocles freely handles familiar phrases, and puts a gentle pressure upon common words, to extract from them a fresh significance.†

It sometimes becomes a nice question whether a word can, in some one or two passages, bear a meaning quite different from its current acceptance. It is doubtless the privilege of a poet to force a word back, along the line of its own development, in the direction of its etymology or of primitive usage. One of the boldest experiments of this kind is to be found in Tennyson's poem, "Love and Duty," where these lines occur: —

Live — yet live —  
Shall sharpest pathos blight us, knowing all  
Life needs for life is possible to will —  
Live happy.

"Pathos" is here used in its old Greek sense of "suffering." The general tenor and context of the poem, as well as special phrases, such as "apathetic end," that precede, prepare us for this meaning. It remains, however, an open question whether the experiment is not too venturesome. Now, some distinguished Greek scholars have supposed that in (Ed. Tyr. 44-45,

ὡς τοῖσιν ἐμπεύροισι καὶ τὰς ξυμφορὰς  
ζώσας ὁρῶ μάλιστα τῶν βουλευμάτων,

the word *ξυμφορὰς*, in combination with τῶν βουλευμάτων, has, contrary to its recognized usage, the meaning of *comparisons* (of counsels), on the analogy of the phrase *ξυμφέρειν βουλευματα*. Professor Jebb rightly, as I think, decides against this view. But, it might be asked, is such a departure from usage more violent than Tennyson's "pathos"? Yes; and for this reason, that in Tennyson the context is itself a sufficient guide, and places the meaning beyond all doubt, while in Sophocles the unfamiliar sense — if, indeed, it is intended — comes on us a surprise, and is, to say the very least, ambiguous.

\* E.g., ὀφθαλμός, O. T. 987.

† See notes on O. T. 34, δαιμόνων συναλλαγῆς; 420 and 1208, λιμήν; 728, ὑποστραφεῖς; 677, ἴσος. It has been suggested to me by Mr. A. W. Verrall that *χρεῖα* in O. T. 725 means "enquiry;" cf. *χρῶν* of an oracle, and *χρήσις* once in Pindar (O. 13, 108) in the sense of "the response of an oracle."

Plutarch\* records a striking statement made by Sophocles about himself, to the effect that, after he had outgrown the pompous style of Æschylus, he adopted a harsh and artificial manner, which he finally exchanged for that style which "is best suited for ethical portraiture." Now, his dramatic activity extended over sixty-two years, during which time he wrote one hundred and thirteen plays. His seven extant tragedies belong, it would seem, to the third of the periods above indicated, and represent his mature style, which is equally removed from turgid grandeur and affected ingenuity, and expresses with unrivalled truth and delicacy the play of the idealized human emotions.

It requires a highly trained and sensitive instinct to detect the niceties of the Sophoclean language, to note the deflections from ordinary usage, and to interpret the pregnant expressions of the poet without arresting their life and petrifying them into rigid forms which cannot contain them. Professor Jebb is gifted with a sympathetic insight into Greek idiom and the latent capacities of the language. He has a remarkable and, so far as I know, a unique, faculty of infusing poetry into grammar, of leading his readers, through particles, moods, and tenses, vividly to realize the dramatic situation and enter into the feelings of the speaker. Under his guidance we seem not so much to be engaged in a work of logical analysis or of skilful dissection as to be following a vital process of growth and of construction. We are admitted to watch the inner movements of the poet's thought and to see the motives which, in all probability, determined the choice of this or that word or phrase. The style of the tragic *dialogue* in particular, has never been so justly appreciated or luminously interpreted as in this edition. Between the language of the dialogue and of the lyrical portions of a Greek play there is an important distinction to be borne in mind. In writing choral songs the dramatists had well-known models to follow, and employed a style that was prescribed by literary tradition. A new problem had to be solved when they came to the dialogue. Here they were discovered entering upon new paths, and had difficulties to overcome not unlike those which were encountered by the first Greek historians and orators, in whose hands an artistic prose was shaped. The dramatic poet, whose province it was to compress into a brief

\* Plut., De Profect. Virt. Sent., p. 79, B.

compass the portrayal of character in action, to depict the conflict between individual wills, to delineate the successive moments in the fortunes of the actors and the corresponding feelings awakened in their minds, needed a vehicle of literary expression which should convey reasonings terser and more compact, thought and emotion more concentrated, than could be conveyed through the epic or the lyrical styles. Tragedy, moreover, even before it became in the hands of Euripides a poetical image of public debate in the law-courts and assemblies, could not but catch the tone and accent of civic life. Professor Jebb tells us in his preface, that in the course of preparing his commentaries on the "Electra" and the "Ajax," he "had been led to see more clearly the intimate relation which in certain respects exists between Greek tragic dialogue and Greek rhetorical prose, and to feel the desire of studying more closely the whole process by which Greek oratory had been developed." Thus it was "as a preparation in one department for the task of editing Sophocles that the special studies embodied in the 'Attic Orators' had originally been undertaken."

These and kindred studies have supplied him with a wealth of material hitherto unused in interpreting the tragic dialogue, while his powers of lucid expression enable us to follow with ease the reconstructive effort of the commentator, and with him to trace the process by which the colloquial idiom is moulded anew as it passes through the imagination of the poet. No one but a scholar who has a natural affinity with Greek modes of thinking and feeling, and who is penetrated by the Greek spirit, could attempt such a task without falling into fanciful speculations. But not the least of Professor Jebb's virtues as a commentator is his perfect sanity and sobriety of judgment.

In speaking of the double meanings which may be found in the Sophoclean language, I would explain myself more precisely. Conington, in his commentary on Virgil, had got hold of a true idea, one which may be applied to Sophocles as well as to Virgil, when he sought to disentangle the various associations and reminiscences which are woven into the texture of the Virgilian phrases, and to show the blended colors which meet in a single word. But even he is sometimes led to press the principle to a point at which the different meanings are not different only but mutually inconsistent.

Take, for instance, his comment on *Æneid* i. 748-9:—

Nec non et vario noctem sermone trahebat  
Infelix Dido.

Here he attempts to find in the phrase, *trahere noctem*, the double sense of "to speed the night along," and "to protract the night." "Perhaps," he says, "Virgil intended to blend the two notions in spite of their apparent inconsistency." The inconsistency, surely, is real as well as apparent. Now the extension of a similar principle to Greek syntax requires to be very carefully guarded and explained, if we would avoid a confusion which in this case is so far worse than in the first, as it affects not a particular phrase only, but the whole thought of a sentence. No one, indeed, will deny that the Greek language admits of what the grammarians call "mixed" constructions, in which two modes of expressing the same thought have, as it were, met and fought together, and neither has completely prevailed over the other. But commentators are too ready to shirk rather than to solve a grammatical difficulty by referring in vague terms to this principle; nay, there are notes in which moods and cases are subjected to a double grammatical government, which requires us to suppose that contradictory ideas were together present in the mind of the writer. It seems to be assumed that a "mixed construction" naturally produces a confused thought. But the assumption is by no means true. A thought may be conveyed through forms which from the grammatical point of view are imperfectly fused, and yet the thought itself, which results from this imperfect fusion, need not be blurred or indistinct, much less self-contradictory. A clear thought often struggles for utterance, and fails to express itself in strict and logical form, not because the speaker does not know what he means, but because he is over eager to say it.

That Greek modes of speech are too subtle and flexible to be bound by the rules of grammarians, that they break loose from such rigorous prescriptions and follow the ways of the living voice and the spontaneous movements of thought, is a fact which the commentator has often forgotten, and of which he needs again and again to be reminded. No one has stated the fact with more force or truth than Professor Jowett in the introduction to his edition of *Thucydides*. Allowing for reservations on particular points, I cordially subscribe to his



general statement of the principle, so well expressed in those pages. But I hope I may not be held guilty of presumption and suspected of depreciating the eminent services he has rendered to Greek and to English literature, or of undervaluing the literary and scholarly work of his pupil, Professor Campbell, if I say that the tendency of both these scholars (of the pupil more than of the master) has been in practice to misapply a sound principle, and to present it in such a light as to suggest (what they certainly do not believe) that in the days of Thucydides and Sophocles language was in so fluid a state and grammar so unfixed, that words might mean almost anything, and that clear thinking is as little to be looked for from the Periclean age as accurate writing. That Thucydides was "writing in an ante-grammatical age" is true only in the sense that he was writing in an age previous to grammarians. But there was grammar before there were grammarians, and a grammar, moreover, far more precise than was observed by the Elizabethan dramatists, who cannot be accepted as affording a perfect parallel to the Greek tragedians. The grammar of Sophocles is not, indeed, as strict and systematic as that of the Homeric poems, still it is part of a developed Attic idiom, whose normal usages had been firmly traced, in which moods, voices, tenses are in no way interchangeable, whose very irregularities were due rather to the desire for clearness and naturalness, than to "confused modes of thought" which Professor Jowett ascribes to Thucydides.

In Thucydides, and even in Sophocles, there are many experiments in words and in construction, many tentative and some hazardous forms of expression, which Aristophanes or Demosthenes would have rejected, but nothing which would warrant us in placing either author above the genius and idiom of the language. At what point neglect of grammar becomes violation of idiom cannot be stated in general terms. Special instances must be taken and scrutinized each on their own merits, and it is one of the marked features of Professor Jebb's edition that, in estimating the value of various readings or in justifying a phrase or construction, he faces the problem in each case, and lets us see how "irregular" grammar may yet be perfectly idiomatic. The elasticity of the Greek language is not license or caprice. It arises from the desire to add life and variety, to adjust new ideas to existing but inadequate forms of

speech, to arrange the thought in a framework supplied by nature rather than by the laws of grammatical sequence and symmetry, so that the general form in which a sentence is moulded influences the syntactical structure of the parts. Attraction, false analogy, sudden changes of construction — these and many other things are admitted by the Greeks to a degree that is unknown in Latin writers. The difficulty of the commentator lies not so much in stating the principle truly as in applying it correctly; and it is mainly by the application that the merits of grammatical criticism must be tested. I have heard Shilleto say in a lecture, towards the end of his life, that the longer he lived "the more reluctant he was to declare anything impossible in Greek." Such a saying would satisfy the most advanced believers in grammatical laxity. But when he came to grapple with the difficulties of the text, and to discuss whether some given expression was admissible in Greek, no one could more triumphantly vindicate the genius and the idiom of the language from violation.

One of the first questions that meets a commentator is, how far it is his duty to give alternative explanations. The natural bent of those whom we may call *oi péovres* — those who treat the Attic Greek of the first half of the fifth century B.C. as in a perfectly fluid and unstable condition — is to multiply such alternatives without giving any, or, at least, a sufficient reason for preferring one alternative to another. There are, doubtless, not a few passages where it would require a very audacious person to pronounce confidently between rival interpretations. Most scholars can recall lines over which they have hesitated long, when the balance seems so nicely poised that it depends on some accident of the moment — a passing mood or touch from without — to determine which way it shall incline. But this is true of poetic diction, not in Greek only, but in all languages, including our own. If, however, in every third or fourth line of a poem we are reduced to such honest doubts and waverings, we must infer either that the author writes badly, or that we have a very imperfect acquaintance with the language. It is to be hoped that our knowledge of Greek and Latin is not really so much a matter of guess-work as the numerous alternatives offered to us by classical editors would imply. Sometimes it may happen that we have in our own mind a strong conviction in favor of one definite interpretation, but that the im-

pression is incommunicable; it rests on a sense or instinct which cannot be justified by argument. In such cases the final verdict must be left to the few who are acknowledged to possess the surest insight and the finest tact in handling language. There is no other tribunal to appeal to. Classical scholars are, unfortunately, not in the position of the Browning Society, whose doubts can be resolved by an infallible authority.

But putting aside such cases, there are, as a rule, valid grounds on which a decision may be based. It is almost as serious an error for a commentator to place side by side several interpretations without furnishing the materials for arriving at a rational conclusion, as it would be for a writer on etymology to give us an open choice between a guess of Plato's and a scientific result of comparative philology. Many current interpretations are demonstrably wrong, and the only sufficient excuse for mentioning them at all is that they are still current, and therefore need refutation. But the mere fact that some great name is associated with an absurd interpretation is hardly a plea for reviving it, on the ground of the historical interest that attaches even to the mistakes of great men. Still less ought the stray fancies of obscurer critics to be recorded in the notes among a series of other options equally ingenious, but no less certainly wrong. Commentaries have already outgrown their just dimensions, and are usually out of all proportion to the text. To know how to omit, to discriminate, and to decide, has become almost the first requisite in an editor. In nine cases out of ten the author doubtless had some one meaning, and it is the business of one who interprets him to tell us what he conceives that meaning to have been, and to show the grounds of his decision.

The practice observed by Professor Jebb in this edition has, on the whole, been to mention various interpretations only where there is room for serious and legitimate doubt as to the meaning of the poet. He ignores such alternatives as are not commended either by their intrinsic merit or by a weight of authority which cannot be disregarded. Yet his notes, while generally avoiding direct refutation, incidentally sweep aside a large mass of rubbish which has found its way into most editions. Very seldom will his judgment in respect of such omissions be found at fault. There is, perhaps, only one passage where he altogether omits to notice the obvious rendering, which in this case

surely is the true one. The speech in which Teiresias is stung by the taunts of Œdipus to denounce him as the slayer of Laius contains these words (420-423): —

βοῆς δὲ τῆς σῆς ποῖος οὐκ ἔσται λυγρὴν  
ποῖος Κῶθαίρων οὐχὶ σύμφωνος τάχα,  
ὅταν καταίσῃ τὸν ὑμέναιον, ὃν δόμοις  
ἄνορμον εἰσέπλενας εὐπλοῖας τυχῶν;

The lines are thus translated by Professor Jebb: —

And what place shall not be harbor to thy shriek, what of all Cithæron shall not ring with it soon, when thou hast caught the meaning of the marriage song wherewith thou wert borne to thy fatal haven in yonder house, after a voyage so fair?

The note is as follows: "ὃν cognate acc. to εἰσέπλενας, as if ὑμέναιον had been πλοῦν; ἄνορμον is added predicatively, 'though it (thy course) led thee to no true haven.' " The objections to this interpretation are that (1) the ὑμέναιος is not itself the πλοῦς nor akin to it in meaning, but an external accompaniment of the πλοῦς. It is, therefore, very harsh to take ὃν as a cognate accusative. Surely it is not Greek to say πλεῖν ὑμέναιον, meaning "to sail to the accompaniment of a marriage-song;" (2) the epithet ἄνορμον is an unnatural one to apply to the course or πλοῦς, still more so to the accompaniment of the πλοῦς. Indeed the combination ὃν εἰσέπλενας can hardly mean anything but "into which thou didst sail." We are thus brought back to the ordinary view, according to which the ὑμέναιος is the haven into which he sailed: "when thou hast learned the meaning of those nuptials, in which, within that house, thou didst find a fatal haven, after a voyage so fair." Nothing can possibly be urged against this rendering except that ὑμέναιος, strictly speaking, is the "marriage song," not the "marriage;" but this fast distinction is scarcely maintained in poetry.

This is not the place to discuss in detail the subject of conjectural emendations. No one, however, who has studied the history of textual criticism will be inclined to slight the gains that scholarship has won through the labors in this department, not only of past generations of scholars, but in our own day of such men as Cobet (in spite of rashness) and Madvig. Those who judge Madvig only by his "*Adversaria Critica*," where admirable theory is united to some very dubious practice, and who think of him as the author of a few brilliant and of many superfluous emendations of Greek prose, not to mention certain tasteless and even unmetrical verse emendations, ought to study him at his

best in the "*De Finibus*" of Cicero and in his emendations of Livy, whose pages have been illumined under his touch. In passing, it may be observed that Latin prose authors, from one point of view, afford the best field for the exercise of an emendator's faculty, owing to the very rigor and precision of Latin prose idiom. But, after all, the limits within which such a second-sight as Bentley claimed for himself — "a certain divining tact and inspiration" — can profitably be employed, are singularly narrow. Many sanguine hopes would be abated if we did but reflect what a small percentage of conjectures have borne the test of time and received the stamp of scientific certitude.

Of all authors Sophocles is one of the most perilous for a critic to tamper with:

His style [says Professor Jebb, p. lviii.] is not seldom analogous to that of Virgil in this respect, that, when his instinct felt a phrase to be truly and finely expressive he left the logical analysis of it to the discretion of grammarians then unborn. I might instance *νῦν πᾶσι χαίρω* (*O. T.* 596). Such a style may easily provoke the heavy hand of prosaic correction; and, if it requires sympathy to interpret and defend it, it also requires, when it has once been marred, a very tender and very temperate touch in any attempt to restore it.

Nothing could be better said; and the caution was never more needed than today, when not in Germany only but in England Greek texts are being not amended but re-written. Scholarship at this moment has as much to fear from erudite absurdities as from almost any other cause. The worst of it is that the figments of emendators claim admission in the name of common sense, which frequently serves only as a mask for ignorance of Greek idiom. Ingenuity without insight, encyclopædic study without judgment or perception, these are the things that corrupt the classics and bring learning itself into disrepute. Professor Jebb has been faithful to the canons he himself has laid down about emendation. He deals in conjecture only where the reading of the MSS. is confessedly hopeless. His own conjectures are fourteen in number, of which he admits nine into the text. Most of these are highly plausible, and two of them attain as nearly as can be to certainty.\*

\* The first and most striking occurs in line 1218, where the MSS. have *δύρομαι γὰρ ὡς περιάλλα ιακέων* (*vv. II. περίαλα ἄχων*) *ἐκ στομάτων*. Professor Jebb's brilliant restoration is *δύρομαι γὰρ ὥσπερ ιαλόμεν χέων ἐκ στομάτων*, "I wail as one who pours a dirge from his lips." The second of such

I would now indicate a few passages where I venture to disagree from Professor Jebb, or where I find his explanations insufficient. Let me begin with the much vexed lines 219-223:—

ἀγὰρ ξένος μὲν τοῦ λόγον τοῦδ' ἐξερῶ,  
ξένος δὲ τοῦ πραχθέντος; οὐ γὰρ ἂν μακρὰν  
ἔχενον αὐτός, μὴ οὐκ ἔχων τι σύμβολον.  
νῦν δ', ὅσπερος γὰρ ἄστος εἰς ἄστος τελέω,  
ὅμιν προφωνῶ πᾶσι Καθμeloίς τῷδε.

The lines are thus translated in this edition:—

These words will I speak publicly, as one who has been a stranger to this report, a stranger to the deed; for I could not have tracked it far by myself, if I had not had some clue. But as it is—since it was only after the time of the deed that I was numbered a Theban among Thebans—to you, the Cadmeans all, I do thus proclaim.

Professor Jebb's negative criticisms in his appendix are, I think, conclusive. But he fails to notice one grave difficulty about his own rendering. The form of the conditional sentence, "for I could not have tracked it far by myself if I had not had some clue," implies a thought in the speaker's mind, "But I had a clue." The context, however, clearly shows that *Ἔδιππος* regards himself as having no clue; and the very next words, *νῦν δὲ*, "as it is," mean, according to Professor Jebb, "as I have no clue." We are thus reduced to a logical contradiction. The key to the difficulty seems to me to be this. The sentence *οὐ γὰρ ἂν μακρὰν ἔχενον* (where the *γὰρ*, as Professor Jebb sees, justifies *ἐξερῶ*, not *ξένος*) has a supposed protasis, *εἰ μὴ ἐξεῖπον*, to be supplied from *ἐξερῶ*; the clause *μὴ οὐκ ἔχων*, though conditional in form,—being added as a second protasis, an afterthought explaining and expanding the idea of *αὐτός*,—is not in sense truly conditional; it is drawn by a sort of attraction into the conditional form in which the whole sentence is cast. Thus the words mean, "for (had I not appealed to you, *εἰ μὴ ἐξεῖπον*) I should not have tracked the matter far alone, if I had not a clue (and I had none)," *i.e.*, "not having a clue." The use of *μὴ οὐ* is very similar, but not precisely parallel to, that in Herod. vi. 106, *οὐκ ἐξελεύσεσθαι ἔφασαν μὴ οὐ πλήρους ἔοντος τοῦ κύκλου*, "if (as was the case) the moon was not full." From the general form of the conditional sentence it will be seen that *Ἔδιππος* has thrown himself in imagination into the future and looks back

corrections is in 1280, where the simple change of *κακῶ* to *κατὰ* makes perfect sense of the passage.

upon the event. His appeal, he implies, is already made, and he himself is well forward on the track.

But we are not yet out of the difficulties. The sequence of ideas in the last two lines, taken in relation to what has preceded, is not quite obvious. If the above explanation is correct, *vûv δὲ* means, "as it is," i.e., "since I do appeal to you, and do hope to search the matter out;" it opposes the actual fact to the unfulfilled supposition which has been expressed in the previous parenthesis. The *γὰρ* after *ὑστερος* will then look forward to *προφώνω*, not backward to *vûv δὲ*, the sense of the two lines being, "As it is, I make my proclamation to you, since I am a citizen though late enrolled."

We can now see a coherent chain of thought running through the passage. Œdipus has just heard of the murder of Laius, and in obedience to the command of Apollo, is determined to track it out. But the murder occurred before he had come to Thebes. "As one," he says, "who has no personal knowledge of the crime or of the report, I must appeal to you, Thebans, for information; for without such an appeal I could not have proceeded far in the search, being without a clue. But being resolved on the appeal, I make this proclamation to you by right of Theban citizenship."\*

\* Professor Campbell has come nearer to what I hold to be the true view of the passage than any other editor. But, as Professor Jebb points out (App. p. 292), his explanation of the words *οὐ γὰρ ἂν μακρὰν κ. τ. λ.* implies that Œdipus had long known of the murder of Laius, whereas the poet represents him as having now heard of it for the first time. Some points of syntax remain which invite discussion. In line 523 the words *ἦλθε τὰχ' ἂν* must here mean "possibly came." But Professor Jebb can hardly be right in deducing this sense from the ordinary meaning of the words, "would perhaps have come (if he had been in a hasty mood at the time);" for in such a sentence there is an implied thought, "but it did not come." The truth is that *ἂν* with a past indicative cannot always be brought under the head of the unfulfilled condition, though it tended to have this restricted usage. For instance, the idiomatic construction of *ἂν* with a past indicative to denote a repeated action does not admit of such an analysis. No more does the passage before us; and the same is true of other similar passages in Attic Greek, some of which are quoted in the notes. Further Attic examples might be mentioned (e.g., Plato, Phædr. p. 256c; Thucyd. vi. 2. 4; both with *τὰχ' ἂν*; Agam. 1252; Philoct. 572). There is one exact Homeric parallel. In Odyssey iv. 546, the old man of the sea says to Menelaus, "For either thou shalt find Ægisthus yet alive, or, it may be, Orestes was beforehand and slew him (ἢ κεν Ὀρέστης κτείνεν ὑποφύμενος)." When we reflect that the proper function of *ἂν* or *κέν* was to attach an action to particular conditions or circumstances, we are not surprised to find that a past indicative with *ἂν* can denote that which may have happened in the past.

Again on line 1296, *τοιοῦτον ὅλον καὶ συγούνη'* *ἐποικτίσαι*, we find this note:—"ἐποικτίσαι without

These minute criticisms might appear pedantic if it were not that Professor Jebb's work is so thorough and finished, and so far surpasses all previous editions, that even the smallest flaws that mar its perfection deserve to be pointed out in order to be removed. I wish it were possible to convey any idea of the interest of the commentary itself—of the sagacity and discrimination with which the exact force of words and phrases,\* and the connection of thought are seized and elucidated. They will find the book to be, in the best sense of the word, original, not through startling conjecture and paradox, but in delicate shades of insight and interpretation, in a masterly handling of difficulties, and in the apprehension of each part and every detail in its bearing on the whole.

The question naturally arises out of the "Œdipus Tyrannus," How does Sophocles regard the relation between suffering and guilt? We have in this play a signal example of a man, not indeed perfect, yet noble and innocent, who is led on by a train of events that baffled human foresight into unconscious crimes and overwhelming calamity. Some † have thought that an incipient severance between religion and morality is apparent in Sophocles; that he has receded from the higher

*ἂν*, oblique of *ἐποικτίζω*, an optat. without *ἂν*, like *κατὰ δόξαι* in Ant. 605." Such a usage of the infinitive is, so far as I know, unexampled, nor need we resort to it here. The infinitive with *οἶον* is similar in principle to the infinitive after adjectives, such as *ἐπιτῆ-δεως*, and the literal translation of the words is, "proper for one to pity even if he hates it," not "such that he would pity." Again, is it not a mistake to explain *μή* in such phrases as *ὁ μὴδὲν εἶδός* (397, cf. 635, and 1019), by resolving the expression in each case into a conditional sentence? The *μή* here is rather that *μή* which marks the abstract and the generic as opposed to the concrete and the particular; nor can this use be treated as a derivative of the conditional *μή*. I have noticed only one actual slip, which occurs outside the play itself, in a quotation from Demosth. de Cor. § 228, where the words *ἡμῶς ὑπάρχειν ἐγνωμένους* are translated, "we start from the conviction that," as if the reading were *ἐγνωκότες*. There is no authority (in spite of "Liddell and Scott") for a middle use of *ἐγνωσμαι*; the sense, no less than the grammar, requires "we (i.e. Æschines and I) are already pronounced to be," etc.

\* See, for instance, the notes on 35 (*ἐξέλκωσας δασμόν*), 227 (*ὑπεξελείν*), 313 (*βύσαι μίανσμα*), 352 (*εξεκίνησας ῥίμα*), 538 (*ἄρκτηον*), 674 (*θυμοῦ περύσσης*), 709 (*μαντικῆς ἔχον τέχνης*), 790 (*προφάνη λέγων*), 846 (*οἰδώνωρος*), 978 (*πρόνοια*), 997 (*ἢ Κορινθός . . . ἀπώκειτο*), 1077 (*δουλήσομαι*), 1483 (*προϋξένησαν*). The delicate use of the particles is vividly interpreted in the notes to this edition (e.g., 105, 342, 822, 852, 1030).

† E.g., Mr. Bemm, in The Greek Philosophers, p. 79, a book of striking and original merit, which has not as yet been duly appreciated.

ground occupied by Æschylus and introduced into his dramas an element of popular superstition. The gods, it is said, interfere in order to inflict arbitrary punishment, not to uphold the moral order of the world.

There was, no doubt, a popular idea that the gods were jealous of man, that they were not his friends but his enemies, who delighted to waylay and surprise him, especially at the height of his greatness. At such moments it was the wisdom of man to propitiate them with the best thing he had. Their levelling energy was exercised in confining his prosperity within the appointed limits, and preventing the difference from being effaced between the divine and the human nature. They were regarded less as guardians of the moral law than as privileged despots who resented eminence in others. Æschylus corrected and enlightened this primitive belief. He shared the popular religious sentiment, which recognized in every great reverse of fortune a judicial act; but the sentence, as he read it, was not pronounced by jealous or capricious powers, but by a supreme and moral governor of the universe. In the course of events and in all human destinies he traced the righteous and overruling hand of Zeus, "the Almighty," "King of Kings," "who rewards all men according to their works."\* Everywhere and in all cases there is an inner and necessary connection between men's actions and their outward fortunes. Not only in the vicissitudes of nations and families, but also in the history of individuals, the same law of moral retribution holds good. Each man fares according to his deserving; even the individual life, viewed in its happiness and misery, is long enough to justify the ways of God to man. Crime begets suffering, and crime alone brings disaster and final ruin.

If some tragedies of Æschylus seem at first sight to rest under a sombre fatalism or to be presided over by the vigilance of jealous gods, a closer study will show that here too events are not guided by blind or arbitrary forces, but are the outcome of character and subject to moral law. In the "Agamemnon," for example, the shadow of doom throws itself forward from the first; the atmosphere is charged with sinister presentiments, even in the midst of victory. The keynote of suspicion and mystery is struck by the watchman. Each successive song of the chorus either calls

up some old and dark reminiscence, or hints at some new foreboding. But throughout runs the sense of crime committed that must needs be expiated. The chorus—here clearly the mouthpiece of the poet—expressly dissents from the old belief that mere prosperity produces calamity (l. 750). The guilt that Agamemnon had incurred in slaying Iphigeneia, is visited on him now in the hour of his triumph when he is flushed with pride and insolence. At such a time Nemesis is most to be dreaded, not because the gods are jealous, but because men then most easily become presumptuous.

Other popular beliefs were in like manner illuminated by Æschylus. The curse of a father was supposed to possess a strange potency and to bring with it a certainty of fulfilment. It assumes among the Greeks almost the same prominence as the patriarchal blessing among the Hebrews. The latter idea was unfamiliar to Greek thought, though Plato (*Laws*, xi. p. 931) tentatively suggests that if the curse of a father is divinely ratified, his blessing may well have in it a similar virtue; the operation of the curse, however, as exhibited in Æschylus and in Sophocles (who here follows Æschylus) has a moral import. It is, as it were, a solemn excommunication, not an arbitrary sentence of doom. Once it has gone forth it is irrevocable, but it is only pronounced over those who are already hardened in guilt, and on them it invokes not misfortune merely but fresh guilt. Morally it is based on the conviction that there are some sins, such as filial ingratitude, which lead inevitably into deeper crime, and leave no place for repentance. The curse uttered by Ædipus (in the "Æd. Col.") is so terrible that modern imitators of Sophocles prefer to make Ædipus relent before the entreaties of his son. But the Greek Ædipus is inflexible. He speaks not merely as the aggrieved father, but as the representative of outraged justice; unlike Lear, whose imprecation on Goneril, in its refinement of cruelty, betrays a mind maddened by the sense of a personal wrong. The victims of the curse in Æschylus employ the language of fatalism. They throw themselves with a recklessness half of triumph, half of despair, into fulfilling the prophecy of evil. The curse has gone forth; let it work; they will swim with wind and stream. Such is the tone of Eteocles in the "Thebans." Yet it is very plain that though Eteocles speaks as a fatalist, he acts as a free man.

\* These remarks are not intended to apply to the "Prometheus Bound," which would require a discussion to itself.



The problem of fate and free-will presented itself again, and in a more complex form, in the received doctrine of an hereditary curse. Legend told of families in which, owing to some ancestral crime, the taint of guilt was transmitted in the blood, and generation after generation was visited by the anger of the gods. The idea had its origin in primitive times when the solidarity of the family was strongly felt. The individual as a moral being was hardly kept distinct from the community to which he belonged. If one member of the community committed a crime all his family paid the penalty, either as fellow-sufferers with him or as suffering vicariously on his behalf. The guilt as well as the punishment was supposed to be corporate. Hence arose the idea of a curse bequeathed through successive generations, entailing on posterity not suffering merely but guilt. The hold that this doctrine had over the popular consciousness, and its influence on practical politics, is attested by repeated incidents in the history of the Alcæonidæ; who lay under such an ancestral pollution. Æschylus so far modified the popular belief that he represents not actual guilt, but the tendency to guilt, as inherited. It rests with a man himself whether the tendency is fostered or resisted. Some act of his own will is necessary to wake the curse into life. The chain of crime may at any point be broken, though the poet rather exhibits, for the most part, the natural continuity of guilt; that as crime engenders crime in the individual heart, so in a house the guilt of the fathers tends to lead the children into new guilt and to extend itself over a whole race. There is a striking resemblance between the language in which Æschylus and George Eliot describe the self-productive energy of evil. In the words of Æschylus (*Agam. 757*): "The impious deed leaves after it a larger progeny, all in the likeness of the parent stock." In the more elaborated phrase of George Eliot: "Our deeds are like children that are born to us; they live and act apart from our will: nay, children may be strangled, but deeds never; they have an indestructible life both in and out of our consciousness."

Still Æschylus never allows human freedom to be obliterated, even in the members of a tainted race. An initial act of man's free-will is necessary to evoke the latent guilt. In this he departs from the popular theology and saves morality. He handles those myths which deal with the domestic curse in much the same spirit

as he treats the doctrine of divine infatuation. The popular form of that doctrine is expressed, for instance, by Theognis (*Frag. 401*),—that a man of good intentions is often misled by some supernatural power into grievous error, where evil appears to him good and good evil. Æschylus, too, recognizes in certain forms of mental blindness a divine influence. But only when a man has wilfully set his face towards evil, when, like Xerxes (in the "Thebans,") or Ajax (in the play of Sophocles, who here again follows the teaching of his predecessor), he has striven to rise above human limits, is a moral darkening inflicted on him in judicial anger. As we read in the Old Testament that "the Lord hardened Pharaoh's heart," so in Æschylus, "when a man is hastening to his ruin the god helps him on" (*Pers. 742*.) It is the dark converse of "God helps those who help themselves."

The doctrine of an inherited tendency towards guilt in a house, reminds us, on the one hand, of that of original sin as the consequence of Adam's sin, and, on the other, of modern theories of inherited qualities. If neither of these can be called fatalism, equally inapplicable is the word to the doctrine of the Greek poets.

There is an important distinction to remember between suffering for another and being punished for another. The first is a natural and physical process, a fact proved by experience. The second implies a judicial act—one which, when ascribed to the Deity, is an unauthorized inference from, or interpretation of, a fact. Punishment implies guilt, and the notion of an innocent man being punished for the guilty is a moral contradiction. The innocent man may and does suffer for the guilty; that he should be punished for the guilty is inconceivable, for guilt and with it moral condemnation are intransferable. To speak, therefore, of *vicarious suffering* has nothing in it to shock morality; *vicarious punishment* (if the full meaning of the idea is realized) is immoral. The tragedians show a consciousness of this distinction. The popular view was that guilt was inherited, that is, that the children are punished for their fathers' sins. The view of Æschylus and of Sophocles also (so far as he touches the problem on this side) was that a tendency towards guilt is inherited, but this tendency does not annihilate man's free-will. If, therefore, the children are punished, they are punished for their own sins. But Sophocles saw

the further truth, that innocent children may suffer for their fathers' sins.

The purification of this special doctrine of the popular religion, which was effected in Greece by the poets, was effected among the Jews by the prophets. The phrase, "visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children," was open to a double interpretation,—either that the children were punished judicially for their fathers' sins, or that the children suffered in the course of nature for their fathers' sins. The Jews for a long time interpreted the words of the second commandment in the first sense, just as the Greeks so interpreted the idea of a curse in the house. But Ezekiel (ch. xviii.), in clearer tones even than the Greek poets, rejected the first interpretation, and freed the notion of moral responsibility from all ties of blood relationship. "What mean ye that ye use this proverb, The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge? . . . The soul that sinneth it shall die. The son shall not bear the iniquity of his father, neither shall the father bear the iniquity of his son." The same truth had occurred early to the mind of India. In the "Ramayana" these striking words occur: "A father, a mother, a son, whether in this world or the next, eats only the fruit of his own works; a father is not recompensed or punished for his son, neither a son for his father. Each of these by his own actions gives birth to good or evil."

The doctrine, then, of the hereditary curse, as it is exhibited in the Greek poets, is not one of fatalism. Remembering the distinction between vicarious suffering, which is a natural process, and vicarious punishment, which is a penal sentence, we find that the second of these ideas, which alone is fatalistic and immoral, is nowhere to be found,—not in Sophocles any more than in Æschylus. It was part of the popular creed of Greece, which was discarded by the poets.

So long as divine justice was believed to assert itself in the earthly life of the individual, it was natural that moral character should be judged by outward happiness, and that guilt and suffering should be inseparably associated. But there comes a time in the history of every people when the old theory of life, that the good always prosper and the bad are punished, has to yield before the stress of facts. Sophocles is the first of the Greeks who has clearly realized that suffering is not always penal, that it has other functions to discharge in the divine economy. The

suffering of innocent children for the sins of the fathers, which Sophocles touches lightly, is comprised under the wider law of human suffering, in interpreting which he has made a great step in advance upon Æschylus. He has penetrated into many aspects and meanings of suffering which were hitherto undiscerned. He stands midway between Æschylus, who sees in it nothing but the working of retributive justice, and the sceptical theory of the succeeding age, that unmerited suffering is due to carelessness on the part of the gods. Having seized the central truth of the sufferings of the righteous, he was able to accept many of the popular legends almost as they stood, and to breathe into them a moral meaning. Æschylus, for whom suffering was penal in intention, found in the legends a more intractable material; he was often obliged to re-mould and transform where Sophocles had merely to interpret anew. Of the primitive elements which Sophocles retains, those only can be held still to savor of popular superstition, which are outside the action of the drama and among the supposed antecedents of the plot. These extraneous parts he is not always at pains to bring under the laws either of morality or of probability.

Undeserved suffering, while it is exhibited in Sophocles under various lights, always appears as part of the permitted evil which is a condition of a just and harmoniously ordered universe. It is foreseen in the counsels of the gods. It may,\* as in the "Antigone," serve to vindicate the higher laws by which the moral government of the world is maintained; or, as in the "Philoctetes" and "Trachiniæ," to advance a pre-ordained and divine purpose; or, as in the "Philoctetes" and "Œdipus," to educate character. Sophocles deepens and enlarges the meaning of the Greek proverb, "Suffering is wisdom." He raises it from a prudential or a moral maxim into a religious mystery. He anticipates the faith of Plato (Rep. x. 613), that when a man is beloved of the gods, even poverty, sickness, and other sufferings can turn out only for his good. The "Œdipus Coloneus" affords the most perfect instance of the man whom adversity has sorely tried, and on whom it has had a chastening and regenerating influence. Though this play was probably composed at a considerably later date than the "Œdipus Tyrannus," and

\* See Mr. E. Abbott's "Essay on Sophocles," (p. 58-9) in "Hellenica."

though the two plays are in a sense complete in themselves, yet if we would learn the maturest views of Sophocles upon this subject, we must study the "Œdipus Tyrannus" in the light of the sequel. Œdipus is not, indeed, a perfect character; he has flaws of temper and judgment; but not in these must we seek the explanation of his history. The poet indicates clearly that his calamities are to be traced to the inherent feebleness and short-sightedness of man, the obverse side of which is the divine foreknowledge; that his sufferings are in truth unmerited, and for that very reason have no power to subdue the soul. Œdipus has, of his own free-will, committed deeds which would be the most heinous of crimes, had they not been done unconsciously. Popular sentiment would have ascribed them to a divine infatuation, which though inflicted arbitrarily and not judicially, yet was supposed to leave the agent personally responsible for his acts. Sophocles here, as in other plays, fixes our attention on the difference between crime and involuntary error, which contracts no stain of guilt. When we meet Œdipus towards the close of his life, in the "Œdipus Coloneus," we hardly recognize him as the man from whom we parted in the "Œdipus Tyrannus" in the first transport of horror and remorse. Suffering has wrought on him far otherwise than on Lear, whose weak and passionate nature it unhinged, and with whom the thought that he himself was mainly to blame embittered his anger and turned grief into despair. Œdipus has disencumbered himself of a past which is not truly part of himself. In the school of suffering his inborn nobleness of character has come out. He is now at peace with himself and reconciled to heaven. In spite of troubled memories he is conscious of innocence at last, and bears himself with the calm and dignity of one who knows that he has a high destiny to fulfil, and is obeying the express summons of the gods. The unconscious sin is expiated; and he who was the victim of divine anger, the accursed thing that polluted the city, is now the vehicle of blessing to the land that receives him:—

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail,  
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,  
Dispraise or blame; nothing but well and fair,  
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

Both Æschylus and Sophocles attained to the conception of a righteous order of the world under the sovereign rule of Zeus.

Sophocles had not, indeed, the speculative insight of Æschylus, nor did he grapple so fearlessly with the deepest problems of existence. Yet he did not yield the ground won by Æschylus, nor renounce the moral gains that had been bequeathed by him. In one religious idea, as we have seen,—in his interpretation of human suffering,—he even advanced beyond his predecessor. Æschylus believed in an unseen and guiding power, that dispenses rewards and punishments to individuals and communities, on principles of unerring justice. In Sophocles the divine righteousness asserts itself not in the award of happiness or misery to the individual, but in the providential wisdom which assigns to each individual his place and function in a universal moral order. Unmerited suffering here receives at least a partial explanation.

S. H. BUTCHER.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
MAGDA'S COW.

#### CHAPTER VI.

#### PRINCESS RASCALINSKA.

"Une princesse! O Dieu! ma fille, une princesse."  
DELAVIGNE.

THE following Sunday at church brought a surprise to the villagers of Rudniki. This surprise was not in any way connected with the handsome Danelo, though he certainly attracted a considerable portion of attention during the service. Upright as a young fir-tree in his soldier's dress, which he had not yet laid aside, he made a conspicuous figure among the linen shirts and rough sheepskins of the other peasants, and the villagers felt proud of him as one of themselves. Even the more serious members of the community, who were inclined to regard him as a sort of black sheep, pleasant enough but hardly respectable, could not deny that at least he was highly ornamental. Besides, there was always the hope that a man who had travelled so far and seen so much, might have returned with his head somewhat less empty than when he started. During the past week Danelo's stories had been the great point of interest at the village meetings in the tavern. He had even been as far as Lwów (Lemberg), the capital, and had once actually seen an archduke. No wonder that he became an important person all at once.

But the village gossips were about to

receive newer and fresher food for conversation.

The curé had just ended his sermon, which generally formed the conclusion of the service; but instead of retiring as usual behind the altar-gates, which in Greek, or as they are called here Russian, churches, separate the shepherd from his flock, he remained standing outside facing his congregation, and opened the green-leather book in which were entered the names of couples about to be married.

Some of the more attentive parishioners looked up surprised at the sight of the volume in question, for there were no marriages at present known to be on the village *tapis*. It was still too early for that, for the harvest had scarcely begun.

However, the curé cleared his throat twice running, and with unusual pomp and solemnity he read out as follows:—

"The marriage banns are published between our most gracious lady and mistress the proprietress of Rudniki, Madame Sophie Wolska, relict of the late Stefan Wolski, and his Highness the noble Prince Stanislas Rascalinski. If any one is aware of an existing impediment," etc., etc., etc. A lively buzz of excitement and interest drowned the conclusion of his speech.

A prince! A real live prince, had he said? Had they really heard aright? Madame would be a princess! The village felt itself raised in its own estimation by this announcement.

But the priest had still something more to say, and when quiet was restored he resumed,—

"My brethren, it is further my particularly agreeable task to have to announce to you that, in commemoration of this joyful event, Madame Wolska, the future Princess Rascalinska, has directed"—here he paused and moistened his lips, as though he were about to swallow some particularly delicious morsel, of which he was anxious to enjoy the full flavor—"has directed that a sum of three hundred florins should be presented to the church of Rudniki, the direction and employment of that money being left to my discretion. After mature consideration and calculation, I have therefore decided to divide this money into two halves,—the one half for relieving the wants of the poor, while the other half will be employed in renewing or replacing some of the church decorations. With a view to this object, I invite the older members of the community to repair to the sacristy after vespers this afternoon, to consult upon the matter."

The meeting was accordingly held that afternoon after vespers, and it proved to be both long and warm. Although all the wisest heads of the place (witness the sacristan, the schoolmaster, the sexton) were engaged in this conclave, yet after more than an hour's talk they could not for the lives of them agree as to how the money was to be spent. It was so difficult to make a choice as to which portion of the church was to be renewed, when everything was in such woful need of renewal. Certainly the carpet before the altar, used on high festivals, was tattered and shabby, and the set of candlesticks incomplete and broken, and would seem to cry out most loudly for substitutes. But then, again, the gates of the chancel would put in their claim, and plaintively recall the days when they used to be golden, and the time when they really could shut and open naturally. The sacristan, wiping his brow at the mere recollection, assured the company that it was no joke to force the rusty hinges to open on a day like this; but here the priest interrupted him, to suggest that a new carpet was far more urgent:—

"I feel quite ashamed of it each time I kneel before the altar. It cannot be pleasing to God to hear prayer pronounced on such a parcel of rags."

The candlestick advocate now humbly observed that, at the last festival, two of the candle-holders had been broken, and that their parts were now enacted by old beer-bottles.

"But the candlesticks only fell down because the altar was so rickety," said another. "A new altar is what is needed first and foremost."

"And I should have liked a new hell,"\* put in the old priest plaintively. "I have noticed that this one no longer produces enough effect among the people. The flames are all falling off in flakes, and the devils have quite lost their expression. The youngest child in the village could hardly be frightened at them now;" and he heaved a deep sigh.

"But a new picture would take at least three months to get ready, whereas a carpet or candlesticks could be got at once," said the sexton, who was of a hot, impetuous nature.

Every one had spoken and given his opinion except Filip, who stood silent, his brow drawn together in deep thought.

"I will tell your Reverence what I ad-

\* The Greek churches in Poland are usually adorned by large and terrific pictures of the place of eternal punishment.

wise," he said at last, on being pressed. "It is no use trying to decide here without seeing the things, and having ascertained the prices. Next Friday is market day at the town. I have got to take a pig there for sale myself, and if your Reverence will take a place alongside in my cart, we can look over the things and make an estimate."

The priest was old, and not particularly fond of movement, and the prospect of a three hours' drive in a jolting cart, alongside of a squeaking pig, was not particularly tempting; but there seemed no other way out of the difficulty, so with a resigned sigh he agreed to the plan.

But if it was difficult to come to a decision at Rudniki, it seemed still more so when the curé, accompanied by two or three villagers, found himself transplanted into the comparative bustle of a large county town. The treasures displayed in the windows of the Jewish shops dazzled their simple minds, and suggested possibilities of extravagance hitherto undreamt of. The golden gates and the candlesticks received further rivals in the shape of artificial flowers, china vases, and hanging lamps, and the vacillating old priest was wellnigh driven to distraction by the conflicting claims of different objects.

Filip, being gifted with the clearest and most business-like head of the party, succeeded with difficulty in introducing something like order into his ideas, and limiting the choice finally to a new carpet and golden gates.

The party had been conducted to the *atelier* of a carpenter and carver, who had shown them various specimens of his art — crucifixion frames, carved images, and other objects. One set of gates he had as well. And such gates! So rich! so golden! so beautifully carved! and, moreover, in the centre was introduced a bas-relief representing St. Peter holding a gigantic key.

The curé and his companions stood speechless with admiration before this work of art.

"And how — how much — does it cost?" said the priest at last timidly.

"A hundred and sixty florins," was the discouraging reply.

The priest sighed, the peasants scratched their heads, and then they all turned and left the workshop, for they felt it would be better to get out of the way of temptation. A hundred and sixty florins were quite out of their reach; a hundred and fifty was what had been fixed upon for both carpet and gates, and it

would be extravagance to spend the whole sum on one object only. The church at Rudniki would never have such a sum again to spend, as the good luck of its mistress marrying a prince was not a thing likely to be repeated.

"Will your Reverence now look at the carpets?" said Filip after a while. They had been silent till then, and were walking in no particular direction, each one busied with his own thoughts. The hundred and sixty florins had still left a depressing influence.

"Yes," said the curé, with mournful hopefulness; "perhaps carpets will be cheaper than gates. I had no notion that gates cost so much."

"And they should not cost so much either," said Filip; "but these town fellows think that they can ask anything they like, and that no one is clever but themselves. Why, the whole wood cannot cost more than twenty florins, for I felt it, and saw that it was only lime wood, stained to look like oak. And as for the work — why, any carpenter ought to be able to turn it out in a fortnight. Why, I could do it myself, if I had only time. There is nothing so wonderful about that gate, after all —"

"But St. Peter was very neat," said the priest, again with a sigh of envy; "and that big key in the centre looked remarkably well."

Filip did not answer; he appeared absorbed in calculation of some sort. They had reached the carpet-shop by this time.

The prospect here was somewhat more hopeful. True, there were carpets costing a hundred and fifty florins and upwards, but there were others for eighty, seventy, and even sixty florins, which presented a very respectable appearance — besides which, the shopman being a Jew, might reasonably be expected to come down in his prices. There was, in fact, an *embarras de richesses*, as there were carpets for every purse, of every size, for every taste. Flowers and fruits, hunting-pieces and landscapes, greyhounds and lambs, Arab horses and turtle-doves — all of these executed in a surprising variety of tints and with perfectly novel effects of light and shade.

"Why not this one, Pan Proboszcz?" said the Hebrew master of the shop insinuatingly, displaying the spirited counterfeit of a battle between Crusaders and Turks, showing in the foreground a noble warrior in lilac armor, mounted on a lemon-colored charger, who, with his rose-colored sword, is causing the orange heads of the



Turkish infidels to drop all round him like over-ripe plums. "Why not this one? But this is a grand carpet indeed. May my mother be buried in a nameless grave if it is not worth double the price! The Pan Starosto bought one just like it last year, and there are only these two in the whole country."

The poor curé was sadly tempted at the prospect of having a carpet just like the Pan Starosto, and he admired the battle-piece most deeply; but even his simple mind pointed out some objections. "Yes, to be sure, it is very handsome," he said; "but I fear it would hardly do for the church, would it? You see, it is not very — very religious-looking. I fear we shall have to content ourselves with something quieter in pattern — flowers or fruit, perhaps."

"Flowers!" The Jew had a perfect garden to recommend; roses and lilies, daisies and tulips, besides many other flowers not to be found in any other garden.

After some debating, a good-sized carpet, with tasteful garlands of roses and lilies, was selected as the most suitable in every way. These particular roses were lilac, and the lilies, contrary to the habits of their species, were alternately blue and scarlet, — but this was of course a great improvement on nature.

The Jew had at last consented to part with this work of art for the sum of eighty florins.

"But I am not sure whether we really want a carpet," said the priest, beginning to tremble at the notion that the great decision must now soon be made. "I have not had enough time to think. Perhaps the gates would be better, after all. Ah, if only we could buy both carpet and gate!" Here he lost himself in a gentle reverie; and Filip stared down at the lilac roses with unseeing eyes, and had twice to be requested by the gabbling Hebrew to remove his muddy boot from off a particularly handsome scarlet lily, before he seemed to wake up with a start.

"Pan Proboszcz," he said, clearing his throat, "I can tell you how to buy both carpet and gate, if you like."

"What do you mean?" said the curé. "The carpet costs eighty florins, and the gate a hundred and sixty, — that makes two hundred and forty; and I cannot spend more than one hundred and fifty. There are so many poor in the parish, and I cannot touch the other half."

"The carpet costs eighty, I know," said Filip; "and I think I could make you a

gate as good as that fellow's one for seventy florins, if you are not in a hurry, and can let me do it at leisure."

"You really could, Filip?" said the old man wonderingly, — "a gate like that one?"

"A gate like that one," repeated Filip.

"And St. Peter?" put in the priest anxiously. "Do you think you could make a St. Peter like that one?"

"I think I could," said Filip.

"And the key?"

Filip expressed his conviction that he could manage to hit off the great apostle, key and all, and everything, for seventy florins. So the matter was satisfactorily arranged. The carpet with the lilac roses and scarlet lilies was carefully packed up and put in the cart, in the place lately occupied by the squeaking pig, which had already passed into other hands, and was preparing to undergo the grand transformation from living flesh to passive hams and sausages.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE BLESSING OF THE FRUITS.

"She stood breast-high amid the corn,  
Clasped by the golden light of morn,  
Like the sweetheart of the sun,  
Who many a glowing kiss had won."

HOOD.

THE 15th of August, which is the Feast of the Assumption, is always a great day in Poland, and in the year of which I am writing it was kept with unusual pomp at the village of Rudniki.

Firstly, because ever since that luckless autumn when the place had been ravaged by cholera, the population of Rudniki had been very punctilious about taking their fruits to be blessed before tasting them; and as on this particular Assumption day the weather was spotlessly beautiful, it rendered the fulfilment of this religious duty all the easier.

Secondly, because it had been rumored far and wide in the neighborhood that the new carpet which was the gift of the future Princess Rascalinska was then to be displayed for the first time.

A festive stir pervaded the whole country from daybreak; the very flowers seemed anxious to take part in the festivities, for all the buds which had been closed overnight now opened at early dawn. A few coy, tardy roses which the zephyr and the sunbeam had as yet wooed unsuccessfully, now unfolded their blushing charms; hundreds of audacious poppies discarded their green sheaths in indecent haste, eager to present their

glowing beauties to the sun's warm kisses; only the sluggard daisies, like fine ladies, were still asleep, under their dewdrop coverlets.

From far and wide the peasants flocked together, bearing the fruits of their fields and gardens to church; green-cheeked apples and pears, stony pumpkins and cucumbers, unwholesome and vicious-looking as yet, but which presently, by virtue of the blessing to be spoken over them, were to be rendered palatable and light of digestion. Sweet-smelling herbs bound together, and destined to be dried and hung up during the winter as a sort of general and vague specific against most human ailments, scented the air; huge sheaves of gaudy flowers, red and yellow and blue, rejoiced the eye and gave color and harmony to the scene. On they came from all sides and all directions: old, withered *babas* (old women), bending under the weight of crude green fruit; small, flaxen-haired children, clutching flower-bundles higher than themselves, till they looked like wandering blossoms; pretty girls of all types and complexions, bearing nosegays of all descriptions, — till all this roving vegetation had reached its goal, and had formed itself into one long, double-rowed, fragrant hedge, which filled the little wooden church, and from thence overflowing, extended beyond into the surrounding churchyard.

Magda, like the other village matrons, had gathered together her bundle of flowers and herbs. She was sorry to have no roses or carnations, to give an air of elegance to her sheaf, and she put on her shabby coral necklace with more than usual dissatisfaction that day. Nevertheless, if any true artist had happened to be spectator of the rustic tableau in the church, he would have singled her out as the study most worthy of attention.

The three years which had passed since Magda's wedding, had made of her a perfectly beautiful woman. Her tall figure had gained fullness and roundness; she had that naturally dignified and graceful carriage sometimes to be found in Polish peasants, but which few empresses are lucky enough to possess; her eyes had gained a deeper light, her lips had taken a richer curve. And there was this difference between Magda and the many other comely women in the crowd — that while they were adorned and embellished to-day by their floral decorations, in her case it seemed as though she herself, out of her own warm, glowing beauty, had imparted some of her charms to the flow-

ers she had chosen. The poppies were only red because her crimson lips had touched them, the rosemary only sweet because she had breathed upon it; the burning sunflower on her breast seemed to have caught its hue from the hidden fire which flashed from her black eye.

No wandering artist had been led to Rudniki that day; but there are art *connoisseurs* in villages as well as in cities, and a beautiful picture will always find an amateur to appreciate it, even if it is marked in no catalogue and hangs in no gallery.

The blue, curling clouds of incense which filled the dingy wooden building caused the candles to burn low and dimly, and its perfume mingled with the sweet, aromatic scent of the flowers. With a supreme effort the sweating sacristan tore open the obstreperous gate, to give passage to the officiating priest on his way to bless the fruits of the field, and the much-talked-of-carpet was at last displayed before the eyes of the expectant crowd.

A long-drawn murmur of admiration went through the ranks, and for a minute every man held his candle crooked and dropped wax unmercifully on his neighbor's coat, and the women unconsciously relaxed their hold on their bundles till the unhallowed apples escaped from their grasp and went bounding away over the church floor, like godless babes escaping from the baptismal font.

Ah, that was a carpet! And those were flowers indeed! Such fine, well-fed lilac roses! such brilliant lilies! Each one looked down disparagingly at the common everyday flowers they held in their hands, and more than one thought what a pity it was that their cottage gardens could not yield such glorious specimens of botany.

The curé passed down the close-drawn flowery ranks of the kneeling crowd, sprinkling the dew of heaven to the right and to the left of him. Each head was bowed low and reverentially as he passed, and each flower-bearer held her bundle aloft and pressed forward, one against the other, till the little church resembled a waving sea of animated flowers.

Against Magda's bunch of scarlet poppies pressed the fair head of a handsome young soldier, and her black eyes were lowered not so much in prayer as to escape the audacious admiration so clearly to be read in a pair of blue ones. He was so near that she could feel his breath against her cheek, but she could not move away for the density of the pressing crowd.

She could only bend her head lower, and press the glowing sunflower convulsively to her breast, as though to still the tumultuous beatings of her fluttering heart.

And Filip, meanwhile, was also gazing at a picture. He was staring at the rickety and worm-eaten gate of the chancel, and replacing it in imagination by the new one which was to bring him in seventy silver florins; and as he gazed, he wondered to himself whether he would indeed be able to hit off St. Peter and his key.

"Did you see it?" said one of the church-goers to Danelo on the homeward way. "How soft, how rich, how brilliant!"

"How soft, how rich, how brilliant!" echoed Danelo.

"Even the gracious pani herself cannot have a finer one, though she is going to be a princess. Do you know how much it cost?"

"How much did what cost?" asked Danelo.

"Why, the carpet, of course."

"Oh, are you talking of the carpet?" said the young soldier, with a start.

"Naturally of the carpet; and of what else were you thinking?"

Danelo must have overheard the question, for he gave no answer.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### THUNDER IN THE AIR.

"In the most uneventful life there is always a Waterloo and a St. Helena." — KRASZEWSKI.

MAGDA was conscious of a strange feeling of oppression all that day; it might only be the effect of the approaching thunderstorm perhaps, for the clouds had gathered together that afternoon, and now hung on the horizon, rolled into heavy, threatening masses, ready to burst, as it seemed, at the slightest breath of air. There was no breath of air, however, stirring as yet; and the poor parched earth still panted and craved for the rain which was so long in coming; the soil was rent everywhere with unseemly cracks and fissures; the flowers drooped languidly on their stalks; the corn-ears already rustled dry as straw to the touch.

Magda had put the pot to boil on the fire without water, and had mixed up the flour and the salt together by mistake; she wandered about the garden and the little courtyard aimlessly, like a person in a dream, or who has lost her direction; she would even have forgotten to milk the cow, had not that sagacious animal, losing patience at the unwonted delay, at last

compelled her services by reiterated and pitiful bellowings.

As it was a feast-day, Filip was not busy in his workshop. But if his arms were condemned to inactivity, his busy brain refused to rest; and as he sat on the roomy bench in the little garden, he was plunged in a whole scale of calculations and measurements, which he occasionally rapped out with his finger on the seat, or sometimes took note of by cutting notches on a hazel-twig.

Magda had passed and repassed in front of him several times without his appearing to notice her presence; and only when at last she stood still before him did he look up. He did not notice how her eyes were shining with a strange fire, which an unshed tear tried in vain to quench, — how her cheeks were burning with an unwonted flush, — how her lips were parched as though in fever, — how her bosom rose and fell tumultuously; he saw none of these things, for he only said, —

"Well, *zona* (wife), is the supper ready?"

"No, the supper is not ready," she answered vaguely — "nothing is ready."

"Then be quick about it," he returned somewhat more sharply. "Do you not know that I must be off early to the town to-morrow? I shall be away all day, as I am coming back on foot."

"Filip," she cried impulsively, sitting down by his side on the bench — "Filip, do not go to the town to-morrow!"

"Not go to the town!" he said, in surprise. "Why, you know that I must go to have another look at those gates, and at that fellow's St. Peter. I find I cannot manage it unless I see it again, and take down the measurements exactly."

"Never mind St. Peter!" she cried again, more excitedly.

"Never mind St. Peter! Why, Magda, you must be mad to say so! Why, without St. Peter and the key, the gate will only be worth fifty florins; it will make twenty florins' difference in its value."

"What are twenty florins?" said Magda, but this time very low, almost below her breath. "There are more precious things than money in the world."

"And so I must start at five o'clock," continued Filip, pursuing his train of thought. "Neighbor Pawel has offered to take me in his cart; but I shall have to walk back, as he remains overnight. Why is the supper not ready?"

"Because I am miserable! Because I cannot live without a little love, a little kindness; because you care for nothing

but for saving and earning money; because I need the protection of your heart to keep me from seeking warmth elsewhere; because — because —"

Some such words as these, burning, passionate, delirious, were rising to Magda's lips in answer to Filip's question about the supper; but another glance at his calm, stolid face checked the impetuous torrent, and with a sort of gasp she said, —

"Because there are hardly any sticks remaining to light the fire, and it went out twice."

"Then go to the forest for firewood to-morrow — you should not have allowed the stock to run so low; and now is the best time for collecting it, as long as the dry weather lasts."

"To the forest? I am to go to the forest alone?" she asked, in a sort of fright.

"Yes, to the forest, of course," he said impatiently. "You are not afraid of wolves in summer, are you? You are to go to the wood to-morrow, and I am going to the town."

That night Magda hardly closed her eyes; her pulses were beating wildly, and her head was throbbing with a dull pain. She still seemed to be breathing in the stifling perfume of the incense and the flowers, and still to feel Danelo's breath upon her cheek.

She rose at last, and went to the door of the cottage. Everything lay still without in the calm repose of a summer's night. There was no moonlight visible, but the stars gave enough shimmer to distinguish the objects around. No sound was heard save the warning note of the quail calling to her brood among the corn-rigs. The whole air was charged with electricity, and there was no freshness even at this midnight hour. The clouds were exchanging fiery secrets, whispering to each other of the storm that was coming, and every now and then a distant flash of lightning showed part of the landscape in broad relief.

The cottage door had creaked in the opening, and Filip, who on warm nights slept in a sackcloth hammock in the workshed, called out to ask who was there.

"It is I," said Magda, standing still. "Why are you not asleep, Filip?" she added timidly.

"I cannot sleep," he answered.

"Neither can I."

"I have been wondering and wondering."

"Wondering about what, Filip?"

"Wondering how I am to manage about that cursed key."

Magda sighed and went back into the hut. She, too, could not sleep; but neither St. Peter nor his key had anything to do with her wakefulness.

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### STICK-GATHERING.

"Es ruhe mein Lied an dieser Stell,  
Die doch ein Jeder weiss;  
Der Markgraf war ein junger Gesell,  
Der König war ein Greis."

STRACHWITZ.

It was early in the afternoon when Magda took her way to the forest, accompanied by the little Kuba. Why she had taken the boy with her, contrary to her wont, she could hardly herself have told. The ostensible reason of his being a help in the collecting of firewood was such a very shallow artifice that it could hardly have convinced even herself, for she well knew that once in the forest the boy would probably devote all his energies to the pursuit of some unfortunate bird or squirrel, or the consumption of unripe nuts.

She walked along slowly, her steps lagging more and more as she approached the wood, as though strangely reluctant to enter those shady green arcades, which yet looked so invitingly cool, by contrast with the glaring heat of the field-path she was traversing. The threatened thunder-storm had not yet come to a head, though the thunder still grumbled at intervals, away among the distant hills, like a person with brooding rage in his heart, but whose courage is yet not equal to a direct attack.

When at last Magda set her foot on the moss-grown path of the forest floor, she stopped and peered out furtively through the branches, scanning the road to the village as though she feared to see some one coming from that direction. But there was nothing to be seen stirring far and wide; everybody was busy in the fields on the other side, and the road lay before her eyes in an unbroken stretch of powdery white dust.

Magda drew a long breath, which might have been a sigh either of relief or of disappointment, or which perhaps was merely the effect of having walked uphill in the sun; then she proceeded on her way deep and deeper into the forest, till she came to the place where she knew she would find sticks to collect.

The forest was all filled with beautiful things, and every separate thing had its

own good reason for being beautiful. The oak-trees were beautiful because of their massive heaviness, and the birch-trees were beautiful because of their slender grace; the rocks were beautiful because they loomed so dark and black in the shade, and the stream was equally beautiful because it frothed so silvery white in the sunshine; the beauty of the foxglove was in its glowing deep-purple hue, and the hemlock was beautiful also because of its cold purity. Some plants were beautiful because they grew so straight and strong, and needed no support, and others were beautiful, too, because their exquisite weakness caused them to twine so gracefully; some things were beautiful because of their rich hues, while the beauty of others lay in the very absence of color. Each thing was beautiful in its own individual fashion; and had it been otherwise, it would have been less perfect. Each tree and flower, each insect and blade of grass, had had its part assigned to it of being beautiful; every tint and touch had been laid on by a master-hand, to blend together into a picture harmonious in its finished loveliness.

By degrees the magic of the forest seized upon Magda and held her fast, and gradually the throbbing in her pulses and the hot pain in her heart began to subside. She cooled her fevered spirit in the shade of the waving trees, she laved it in the rushing stream, she fanned it in the aromatic breezes.

At last she had reached the inmost forest sanctuary, where the shade was the deepest, where the feathery fern grew highest, where the ivy twined most luxuriantly, and the wild thyme shed its most intoxicating perfume.

Mechanically she began collecting sticks; but her bundle grew slowly, for she worked lazily and dreamily, and Kuba had long since wandered from her side in search of some more congenial pursuit.

She had worked thus for about half an hour, and had collected just fifteen sticks, which promised ill for the suppers to be cooked that week, when of a sudden she stood still like a startled hind, and gazed wildly around her. There was a step approaching—a light, elastic step—and now and then the sharp crackling of a dried twig snapped asunder,—perhaps only some stag on its way to the stream; but now she heard a whistle clear and trilling, but whose note belonged to no bird in the forest.

Magda pressed both her hands against her heart; all her former fever had returned again with tenfold violence.

Looking out through the leafy screen, she could see Danelo coming along the forest-path, whistling a lively *krakowiak*, and looking into the bushes on either side with searching gaze, like a schoolboy intent on bird-nesting.

She watched him as long as she felt herself safe from his eye, but in a moment longer she would be discovered; then slowly, softly, like a bird hiding at the approach of the hawk, she let herself sink noiselessly among the waving ferns, which rippled and closed over her head in green waves.

Even then she did not feel quite safe, for was not her heart throbbing as loud as thunder? her ears were tingling, and her head was giddy with the sound. Surely it must betray her?

However, Danelo passed by unsuspecting. Only when his whistle had died away in the distance, and she could no longer catch sight of his retreating figure through the trees, did Magda venture to creep out of her hiding-place, stiff and cramped from her cowering attitude. She did not resume her occupation of stick-gathering, but merely leaned against the massive stem of the giant beech-tree, gazing fixedly in the direction where Danelo had disappeared. How long she stood thus she never could remember, but the sun must have sunk low on the horizon, for it came slanting in through the trees, bronzing the stems and weaving a golden network on the mossy floor.

She felt quite benumbed, and her back ached with standing thus against the hard, shining tree-trunk, but she could not leave it. She remained thus standing as though spellbound to the spot, stupefied and unthinking; and when, after a long, a very long time, the steps and the whistling came back along the path, she made no attempt to move from her position.

With fixed but inexpressive gaze, she stared at Danelo as he now reappeared in sight. He raised his eyes, and on seeing the beautiful woman leaning against the beech-tree like an ideal Dryad, he uttered a joyful cry, and stood before her in the next moment.

His quick eye swept over the scanty heap of firewood, and the broken ranks in the clump of ferns which told their own tale.

"Magda! what are you doing here? Why do you hide from me?"



"I am gathering firewood," she answered sullenly, and looking at him with defiant eyes. "Leave me alone."

"Leave you alone because you are gathering firewood? Why, no—that is just the reason why I should stay. I want to help you to gather firewood."

"I do not want any help."

"You do not want help? Yes, that is always what the girls in the corn-fields say, and yet they are happy enough when I help to make their stack of grain higher, and give them the chance of wearing the harvest-wreath."

"I am not a girl."

"No, you are a woman—a beautiful woman. But there is no reason why I should not help a beautiful woman to pick up sticks, is there?" and he looked at her with laughter in his blue eyes.

"Danelo, go away!" cried Magda, putting out her hands as if to ward him off, though he had not attempted to come nearer as yet. "Go away—remember that I am Filip's wife!"

"Then why," said Danelo, coming now a step nearer, and taking hold of her outstretched hands in his—"why does not Filip come to the forest to help his wife to pick up sticks?"

"He never comes with me!" she cried imprudently, out of the irrepressible impulse of her overburdened heart. "He does all his work by himself, and leaves me to do mine by myself as well. I am always alone. He thinks of nothing but of St. Peter and his key and the seventy florins, and I—I——" she broke off with a sob.

"You will look for sticks with me; you will not be alone, Magda?"

"Leave me—oh leave me!" she cried again, with a last effort; but his voice was whispering in her ear as Filip's voice had never spoken, and his eyes were gazing at her as Filip's eyes had never looked, and she felt weak and powerless to escape. Perhaps the victory was no longer in her power; for had not her battle been fought and lost the day before? She was hardly aware that his arm had clasped her waist, and that his lips were close to hers; she felt as if the whole forest were spinning around her—every tree seemed to be nodding approval, and every bird to be warbling dreamy love-ditties. The wood-pigeons were cooing softly and insinuatingly, the lark was singing a triumphant jubilee, and the woodpeckers were tapping applause on the hollow beech-trees.

She had no ears for the other chorus, where the mocking-bird was laughing its

harsh, discordant laugh, and the ill-mannered raven croaked "Beware! beware!"

Filip was wending his way back from the town after sunset that day. Leaving the dusty highroad, he struck into a pathway through the forest; this way was shorter, and he wanted to look whether his beehives were safe—whether no marauder had discovered their retreat.

The beehives were safe, as he remarked with satisfaction,—not a hive had been disturbed, not a honeycomb had been tampered with. He observed this, and he observed nothing else; for the waving ferns, which grew so high in the forest glades, gave no clue to the mysteries they concealed.

#### CHAPTER X.

##### DROOPING SUNFLOWERS.

"We sleep and wake and sleep, but all things move;  
The sun flies forward to his brother sun"

TENNYSON.

SUMMER was now over, and Nature, like a miser regretting his gifts, was taking back, one by one, all the beautiful things she had lent to earth for a while.

The wood grew lighter day by day; and the forest sanctuaries, robbed of their leafy curtains, were no longer the dangerous, alluring places they had been before. When Magda went to the forest to gather firewood, she shuddered and turned away her head whenever she passed by the spot where stood the largest and finest forest tree. How could she ever have found beauty in that spot, where now the branches stretched black and uncompromising against the grey sky, sending down their remaining leaves in sharp, rustling showers at each breath of air? where the bleached ferns, all their life and juiciness fled from them, lay rotting prostrate against the cold, damp earth?

The cottage gardens, too, had been gradually stripped of their summer ornament. Every rose and lily, every poppy and carnation, had long since passed away. Only the yellow and orange flowers still lingered—sunflowers, marigolds, and nasturtiums—as though their fiery nature enabled them to resist a little longer the chill dampness that was slowly but surely sapping their life away. Their hour of death was fast approaching; for the proud sunflower, its brown velvet heart developed out of all proportion to its orange petals, was already beginning to lean aslant, every day bringing it a little nearer to its grave.

Yet, while all these beautiful things were passing away, a little weed had taken root, and was slowly developing to life.

Magda herself resembled the dying sunflower at this time; her glowing head was bent in depression, and she had lost her erect and regal carriage, — and sometimes, when she went to the well to draw water, she would put her hand to her side and gasp for breath.

The hope of a child of her own to love, which had been for so long denied her, had come at last; but now it had only come to bring her shame and remorse.

When the neighbors, seeing her toil and pant under the weight of the heavy water-bucket, would say to her, "Magda, why does not your husband draw the water for you? Every goodman should do so for his dame when she is in that way," — she would only shake her head, and say, "No, no; I can carry it myself. Why should he help me? it is no business of his."

She had always avoided Danelo since that luckless day in the forest, and he had since then lost all charm and grace in her eyes, as utterly as had the bleached ferns and the naked beech-tree. For him, on the contrary, the attraction had but gained strength; what had been at first but the fancy of a hot-headed youth, had grown into a man's passion. Though no longer actually resident in the village — for he had been obliged to take service elsewhere — he was often seen at Rudniki. With reckless disregard for her reputation, he followed her about, or lay in wait for her whenever she left the hut. She hardly returned any answer to his eager questions, and changed her direction whenever she saw him coming; but for all that, the link between them was guessed at, and the village gossips began to speak evil things of Magda.

Filip alone suspected nothing; he was utterly absorbed in the working of the church gates. But a time came at last when his eyes were opened, though the days were now growing short — for it is not necessarily in the long summer days that our vision is always the clearest.

One December evening, as Filip was returning from a neighboring fair, he drew up his sledge before the door of a roadside *propinacya* (public-house). A motley group of sledges and carts was already gathered in front of this place of refreshment, and sounds of noisy hilarity came from the open door.

Leaving his jaded horses alone — for there was no fear of their running away

— he entered the tap-room, where he was greeted by boisterous and half-tipsy expressions of welcome.

"Holloa, brothers! Here's a wonder! Filip Buska in person coming to drink with us!"

"We must all be on our good behavior," said another, "or the Pan Wojt will read us a lecture."

"Sit down, man, and fill your glass like a Christian," said a third.

"I cannot," said Filip decidedly; "I only came in here to ask for a drink for my beasts. I must go home — I have work to do."

"Work, work, work! That is what you are always saying."

"It might be as well for some of you if you said so too a little oftener."

"There now, brothers! Did I not tell you that he would read us a lecture! And what is your work, neighbor Filip? What can you have to do on a Saturday night?"

"I am working at the chancel gates, you know. They must be finished by Easter if possible. And it is only now that the wood is dry enough to begin the carving. The centre panel with St. Peter and his key will give me no end of trouble."

"St. Peter and his key indeed!" laughed the wittiest, who was also the noisiest of the group of drinkers. "So you have turned locksmith, neighbor Filip? But I am thinking you had better have begun by making a lock to your own house door! — ha! ha!"

"What do you mean?" said Filip.

"What do I mean? Why, that a man with a handsome wife should be careful about his door fastenings, and not wait until the steed is stolen to shut the stable."

Filip stood rooted to the spot for a full minute, staring at the speaker as if he had not grasped the meaning of his words, and seemingly unaware of the hoarse chorus of laughter with which this speech had been greeted. Then turning suddenly on his heel, he left the room without another word; and oblivious of the refreshment of which his jaded horses stood so much in need, he threw himself on to the sledge, and lashing the unfortunate animals to their utmost speed, he soon disappeared in the driving snowdrift.

By no word or sign did Filip betray to Magda his knowledge of her guilt; he was only a little more silent, a little more gloomy than usual, and he no longer worked at the altar gates with the same interest as before. Often he would sit

staring before him for an hour, his hands sunk idly on his knees — which was not like his usual habits. He hardly ever addressed his wife directly, but he watched her with gloomy, frowning brow as she toiled along the road, bearing her burden of wood and water with increased difficulty day by day, but never offering to assist her.

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From The Fortnightly Review.  
PRINCESS ALICE.

No sovereign of our time, and few of any time, have taken their subjects so completely into their confidence as Queen Victoria has taken hers. "There's such divinity doth hedge a king," that it requires an effort for ordinary mortals to realize that royal personages are, after all, creatures of flesh and blood like themselves — sensitive to the same pains, soothed by the same pleasures, vexed by the same worries that beset humanity at large. It is, perhaps, still more uncommon, obvious as it is when one thinks of it, to realize the pathetic loneliness which must ever haunt the wearer of a crown. It haunted Princess Alice while she was yet merely on the threshold of a throne, and filled her with alarm when she found herself actually on the throne. "Private individuals," she says, "are of course [note the 'of course'] far the best off; our privileges being more duties than advantages. And their absence would be no privation compared to the enormous advantage of being one's own master, and of being on equality with most people, and able to know men and the world as they are, and not merely as they please to show themselves to please us." That was before she became grand duchess. After her accession she wrote: "I am so dreading everything, and, above all, the responsibility of being the first in everything." Here we see concisely stated the twofold aspect of the loneliness which must always be more or less the heritage of royalty; first, the responsibility of always occupying the first place; secondly, the sense of unreality which sovereignty engenders — the feeling that it is impossible "to know men and the world as they are" — that it is all an endless masquerade. This yearning for equality, for stooping to a lower sphere in order to know men and things as they really are, is evidently a much larger element than is commonly supposed in the "uneasiness" of "the head that

wears a crown." After all, the deepest longing of the human heart is not to possess, but to be possessed. It craves for the spontaneous offering of a love and trust that the offerer is free to refuse; and one of the penalties of royalty is that it can seldom tell for certain when the offering is really spontaneous and genuine. To be misunderstood sincerely and in good faith by those whose good opinion one values is hard to bear in any case, but much harder in the case of a sovereign, since the consequences may affect the welfare of an empire.

That this is the explanation of the somewhat startling frankness with which the public have been admitted behind the scenes of English royalty is no longer a matter of conjecture; the queen avows it in a letter to Princess Alice; and the publication of that letter — the only letter other than the princess's own which is published in this volume — is clearly a message from the queen to her people. Some of the prince consort's friends had taken exception to the "unreserved fulness of details" published in Sir Theodore Martin's volumes. The queen defends this absence of reserve as indispensable to the purpose she had in view in publishing the prince's "Life;" namely, that his *whole* life should be made known in all its fulness, and, as a consequence, the irreparable void which the premature death of the prince made in the queen's own life: —

You must remember that endless false and untrue things have been written and said about us, public and private, and that in these days people will write and will know. Therefore the only way to counteract this is to let the real, full truth be known, and as much be told as can be told with prudence and discretion; and then no harm, but good, will be done.

This forecast will doubtless be verified by events, and the publication of Princess Alice's letters is an important contribution towards it. I am not going to attempt a review of a book which has been sufficiently reviewed already, and which most people have now read. The task which I propose to myself is a humbler one, namely, to follow the reapers, and see if I cannot glean here and there something which does not lie obviously on the surface, yet which it may be well to remember.

The first thing I note is the striking revelation which this volume makes of strong political differences in the bosom of the royal family, without apparently overshadowing, even with a fleeting cloud,

the beautiful sunshine of their mutual affection. Much as Princess Alice loved her brothers and sisters, the Prince of Wales was her special favorite. Describing the pleasure of a visit from "dear Bertie," she adds, "God bless him, dear brother! he is the one who has from my childhood been so dear to me." And she never refers to the Princess of Wales except in terms of rapturous love and admiration. Yet, for all that, Princess Alice espoused the German side very warmly in the unequal war against Denmark; nor did her avowed partisanship affect in any degree the affectionate intercourse between the two families. In the Austro-Prussian war, on the other hand, the princess's feelings were all against Prussia. And she did not mince her words in describing the conduct of the Prussian soldiers. "As the Prussians pillage here [Darmstadt], I have many people's things hidden in the house. Even whilst in bed I had to see gentlemen in my room, as there were things to be done and asked which had to come straight to me." "The town is full of Prussians. I hope they will not remain too long, for they pay for nothing, and the poor inhabitants suffer so much." It must have been a sore trial to have two brothers-in-law — her husband's brother and her sister's husband — in the army which she thus describes, and which was instrumental in seriously curtailing her husband's heritage. But not a trace of soreness against her relatives is visible in any of the princess's letters. It is the same as regards Russia. The late emperor and empress were nearly related to Princess Alice by marriage, and she was personally fond of them. Their only daughter had in addition become her sister-in-law, and was a great favorite with her. Yet she allows herself to write as follows: "I follow as eagerly as any in England the advance of the Russians, and with cordial dislike. *They* can never be redressers of wrongs or promoters of civilization and Christianity." This is an instance of the thorough outspokenness which was so characteristic of Princess Alice. But it was an outspokenness so entirely free from malice, so obviously dictated by a sense of duty, that it clearly gave, and was meant to give, no pain to those who might have been expected to resent it. The truth is — though this is not actually stated — that the antipathy of the princess to Russia was mainly due to her dislike of despotism. In general politics she was a sincere Liberal, and she regarded the

predominance of Russian influence in Europe as inimical to the cause of freedom and progress. Hence the vehemence of her language against the Liberal opposition in England during the controversy on the Eastern question. "What do the friends of the 'Atrocity meetings' say now?" she exclaims in the summer of 1877. "How difficult it has been made for the government through them, and how blind they have been!" The answer made by "the friends of the Atrocity meetings" to reproaches like this has always been that the surest way to increase the influence of Russia among the Christian races of Turkey is to exhibit her as the only power who cares to make sacrifices on their behalf. The policy which "deprecated the diplomatic action of the other powers in the affairs of the Ottoman Empire;" which rejected the Berlin memorandum; and which retreated before Turkish insolence at the Conference of Constantinople, thereby destroying the united action of the great powers in the face of Russia's declarations that she would, if necessary, compel the obedience of the Porte single-handed, — it was this policy which left Russia mistress of the situation. If England had stood firm at the Conference of Constantinople, the Porte would have yielded obedience to the will of Europe, and there would have been peace, not only "with honor," but without bloodshed. This is not a matter of opinion; it is a matter of fact publicly attested, when the catastrophe came, by Midhat and Server Pashas, who were grand vizier and foreign secretary respectively during the sitting of the Constantinople Conference. If Princess Alice were still among us, her clear and candid intelligence, instructed by a later experience, would probably admit that "the friends of the 'Atrocity meetings'" were not, after all, so unpatriotic as they seemed to her in the turmoil of the controversy.

But the remarkable thing is not that the princess should have held these opinions and expressed them in private with the ardor of sincere conviction, but that they should now be given to the world under such august auspices. The passage, if it stood alone, might well give pain to a multitude of loyal persons, both eminent and insignificant, who followed — some of them to their own detriment — what seemed to them the path of duty. But the passage does not stand alone. It is one of several passages which, however natural in a private letter, are apt to startle one in print. The princess's stric-

tures on the Prussian army, in which the queen's son-in-law held high command, have already been quoted, as has also her severe condemnation of the Russian government and people in spite of the close relationship between the reigning families of Russia and England. Still more surprising is the following, written in the summer of 1875:—

I told the Emperor the fright we had about the war [which Prussia was then supposed to be meditating against France]. He was much distressed that any one could believe him capable of such a thing; but our Fritz and Fritz of Baden agree that, with Bismarck, in spite of the nation not wishing it, he might bring about a war at any moment. . . . This enormous and splendid army, ready at any moment, is a dangerous possession for any country.

After this the most sensitive of "the friends of the 'Atrocity meetings'" may bear the publication of Princess Alice's censure with equanimity. It is not meant to wound them. It is merely another illustration of the queen's intense desire that her people should know herself and her family just as they are; with their opinions on current events, their hopes, their fears, their disappointments—it may even be their prejudices. And so she lets "the real, full truth be known, and as much be told as can be told with prudence and discretion." The curtain is raised, and we are permitted to see members of the royal family taking opposite sides on questions that divide the nation, and doing this with a degree of mutual forbearance and good temper which, let us hope, will do something towards mitigating the violence and bitterness of contemporary controversy. The reticence imposed on royalty must be one of the most irksome of its high duties. To be obliged to "keep silence, yea even from good words," in the heat of a great controversy or in the crisis of a high policy, must indeed be "pain and grief" to a sovereign of keen feelings and strong convictions; and it is evident from hints dropped in these letters that the queen has had more than one painful experience of the state of mind so graphically described by the Psalmist. It is an immense relief sometimes to be able to speak one's mind straight out; but it is a relief in which the royal family can seldom indulge. What wonder, then, if some of the suppressed feelings escape through any channel that may offer a legitimate vent, like this volume of Princess Alice's letters.

Let us now, however, leave these more general considerations, and gather up the salient features of the portrait which the princess has drawn of herself so artlessly, yet so effectively. And, first, let us consider her as a wife. Nearly two years after her marriage she writes:—

Our life is a very happy one. I have nothing on earth to wish for, and much as I loved my precious Louis when I married him, still more do I love him now, and daily.

A year later she writes, while on a visit, with her husband, to her sister in Berlin:

Louis is so happy to meet his old comrades again, and they equally so to see him; and I am so glad that he can have this amusement at least, for he is so kind in not leaving me; and our life must be rather dull sometimes for a young man of spirit like him.

After eight years of married life we have this idyllic picture in miniature of a love that seems never to have lost the freshness of its honeymoon. The extract is from a letter to the queen on the eve of the Franco-German war:—

I parted with dear Louis late in the evening, on the highroad outside the village in which he was quartered for the night, and we looked back until nothing more was to be seen of each other. May the Almighty watch over his precious life and bring him safe back again; all the pain and anxiety are forgotten and willingly borne if he is only left to me and to his children!

And how natural is her comment on Field-Marshal Wrangel's congratulation on her husband's heroism: "I am very proud of all this; but I am too much a woman not to long above all things to have him safe home again." But Princess Alice's love for her husband, true and deep as it was, was by no means of the lackadaisical sort. With all its poetry of feeling, it was most practical and methodical in action. She says of herself, twelve years after her marriage:—

I certainly do not belong by nature to those women who are, above all, *wife*; but circumstances have forced me to be the mother in the real sense, as in a private family; and I had to school myself to it, I assure you; for many small self-denials have been necessary. Baby-worship, or having the children indiscriminately about one, is not at all the right thing; and a perpetual talk about one's children makes some women intolerable. I hope I steer clear of these faults—at least I try to do so.

And she certainly succeeded. Never was there a more affectionate mother; but it was an affection guided and con-



trolled by a most enlightened prudence. She "tries to be very just and consistent in all things towards" her children, but she owns that it is sometimes a great trial of patience. "They are so forward, clever, and spirited, that the least spoiling would do them great harm." Again:—

The constant anxiety about the children is dreadful; and it is not physical ill one dreads for them, it is moral; the responsibility for these little lent souls is great; and, indeed, none can take it lightly who feel how great and important a parent's duty is.

She not only superintended her children's general education; she instructed them herself daily in particular subjects, especially reading, history, natural history, and music. And she took great pains to educate herself at the same time, to fit her the better for her duties as a wife and mother. With this view she made a special study of physiology, which, "instead of finding it disgusting," "filled her with admiration to see how wonderfully we are made."

But it may be thought that all this was but the mere amusement and pastime of a princess, since her privileged position placed her far above the trials and worries of ordinary life. Very far indeed was this from being the case. The life of Princess Alice was, on the whole, a hard life; hard, not merely in the sense of being a very busy life, but in being, in addition, a life that had experience of straitened circumstances, worries, and occasionally what may even be called drudgery. She has a nurse who is too old and clumsy to wash and dress the baby. So the princess does all this herself. She is grateful for the help she receives at Cannes from the servants of her sister, the crown princess of Prussia, and puts off her journey home in order to get the benefit of that assistance for as long a part of the journey as possible. She was, in the most literal sense, nurse to her own children. The queen began to fear the effect of this constant drain upon the princess's health, and remonstrated with her. The princess answers:—

Having no cow, or country place to keep one, in this tremendous heat when one can't keep milk, and dysentery carries off so many babies, it would not be fair to deprive the poor little thing of its natural and safest nourishment till the hot months are over. These, darling mama, are my reasons; and though I do it with such pleasure, yet it is not without sacrifices of comfort and convenience, etc.; but it seems to me the best course to take for our children, and as we are situated.

There are other indications scattered up and down the volume of the somewhat straitened circumstances in which the princess and her husband lived. We must remember, however, that Prince Louis, though the heir-apparent to the grand duchy of Hesse, was merely the nephew of the reigning duke, and that his own father was living. He did not succeed to the throne till within a short period of Princess Alice's death, and in the interval his income must have been small. That of the princess, however, may seem sufficient for the comparatively modest wants and tastes of herself and husband. But doubtless there was much routine expenditure which no economy could obviate; and a much larger income than Princess Alice's would soon be sorely crippled by a multitude of small disbursements. Still, it is probable that the whole income of the princess was not absorbed by domestic and official calls; some part of it, there is reason to believe, was bestowed in ways which shall not be known till the books are opened and charity has disclosed her secrets.

One might have supposed that a princess who took so conscientious a view of her public and private duties could spare no time, even if she were disposed, for the relief of misery which lay altogether outside the frontier of what even a tender conscience might regard as the region of duty. But with Princess Alice the relief of distress was not so much a duty as a passion. The most distinctive attribute in her character, which was beautiful all round, was that of consoler—a fact which the discerning eye of her father discovered while she was still a young girl. It was the princess Alice whom he took to the queen to comfort her when her Majesty experienced her first great sorrow. And when the next sorrow came, which with one blast of desolation swept the queen's life of all its greenness and its blossom, the admiring gaze of the whole nation was attracted to the precocious self-command, mature thoughtfulness, and gift of sympathetic service which were then displayed by Princess Alice, to the great advantage of the country at large. Her sympathy was a literal rendering of the etymological meaning of the words. She actually suffered with the sufferer, and was restless and unhappy till she did her best to soothe the pain. An instance of this was related to the present writer within the last few days. On hearing one evening that the child of the Russian *chargé d'affaires* at Darmstadt was taken suddenly ill with

croup, Princess Alice, without waiting for her carriage, and attended only by her maid, ran through the streets, and on arriving at the house took the little sufferer in her arms, and by her gentle and skilful treatment saved its life.

Two years after her marriage, and while yet hardly out of her teens, she became patroness of a ladies' society in Darmstadt which had for its object the relief of women in childbed. Her name was doubtless solicited as an attractive ornament. But the princess took a practical view of the office. She had all cases regularly reported to her, and not satisfied with this, she took personally an active part in the work of the society. She tells the queen, as a great secret, one of the incognito visits which she thus made to the homes of penury and pain:—

The other day I went to one incog. with Christa [her maid] in the old part of the town. And the trouble we had to find the house! At length, through a dirty courtyard, up a dark ladder, into one little room, where lay in one bed the poor woman and her baby: in the room four other children, the husband, two other beds, and a stove. But it did not smell bad, nor was it dirty. I sent Christa down with the children, and then with the husband cooked something for the woman, arranged her bed a little, took her baby for her, bathed its eyes—for they were so bad, poor little thing!—and did odds and ends for her. I went twice. The people did not know me, and were so nice, so good, and touchingly attached to each other; it did one's heart good to see such good feelings in such poverty. The husband was out of work, the children too young to go to school, and they had only four kreuzers in the house when she was confined. Think of that misery and discomfort! If one never sees any poverty, and always lives in that cold circle of Court people, one's good feelings dry up, and I felt the want of going about and doing the little good that is in my power.

That passage is well worth quoting at length. All through her life the princess was oppressed with the feeling of the fleetingness of time, the shortness and uncertainty of life, and the duty therefore of pressing as much of real work as possible into each day as it passed beyond recall. She gives pathetic expression to this feeling in the year 1873, after she had done much work and endured much sorrow:—

The day passes so quickly when one can do good and make others happy, and one leaves always so much undone. I feel more than ever one should put nothing off; and children grow up so quickly and leave one [one of hers

had left not long before by a sudden and tragic death], and I would that mine should take nothing but the recollection of love and happiness from their home into the world's fight, knowing that they have there *always* a safe harbor and open arms to comfort and encourage them when they are in trouble. I do hope that this may become the case, though the lesson for parents is so difficult, being constantly *giving*, without always finding the return.

Eight years previously she exclaimed, with reference to the premature death of a relation:—

A short life indeed, and it makes one feel the uncertainty of life, and the necessity of labor, self-denial, charity, and all those virtues which we ought to strive after. Oh that I may die, having done my work and not sinned with *Unterlassung des Guten* [omission to do what is good], the fault into which it is easiest to fall.

And who could say, as she says to her mother in the unaffected simplicity of private correspondence, "Not a moment of the day is wasted, and I have enough to read and to think about"? The prince and herself got up at six every morning in summer, and at seven in winter, and the work of the whole day was regularly mapped out. It was only in this way that the princess was able to get through the vast amount of multifarious duties which she imposed on herself. She organized and superintended societies for the relief of distress, for helping the sick and wounded in time of war, for the education of women, for improving the dwellings of the poor. And all the while she was hardly ever free from pain. "I am very sleepless, and never without headache," she writes in 1870; "but one has neither time nor wish to think of oneself." She suffered from chronic neuralgia, the pain of which was sometimes so acute as to be almost past endurance, even by her who had schooled herself to bear so much. Describing one of these attacks to her mother, she says: "I really thought I should go out of my mind, and you know I can stand a tolerable amount of pain." Yet she was withal bright and cheerful, enjoying with unaffected zest and playful gaiety the innocent pleasures which came in her way. In one of her letters to her mother she gives a charming description of an expedition which herself and the prince made in the Tyrol in company with Count and Countess Gleichen. They took no servants, not even a maid, and had to do everything for themselves, roughing it thoroughly and with keen enjoyment. At

one place they "turned into a funny little dark inn, in which we four found one small but clean room for us — most primitive. Victor [Count Gleichen] cooked part of the dinner, and it was quite good. We all slept — I resting *on* a bed, the other three on the floor — in this little room, with the small window wide open." "We enjoyed our tour immensely, and got on perfectly without servants." There was only one drawback, and every one who has travelled much without a servant will enter with some pathos into the feelings of the princess in describing it, especially the incident of the recalcitrant "bag." "Packing up things, though, every morning was a great trouble, and the bag would usually not shut at first."

In the year 1868 Princess Alice made the acquaintance of Strauss, and the acquaintance thus begun ripened into intimacy in the beginning of 1870, when Strauss happened to be again in Darmstadt. Scarlet fever had then invaded the princess's family, and laid prostrate her husband and two of her children. She undertook the nursing entirely herself, and was thus isolated from the world. Feeling the need of some companionship and cordially appreciating intellectual gifts, she wrote to ask the brilliant neologist to "come and see her if he was not afraid of infection." Previous to this they had seen a good deal of each other and read Voltaire together. During the period of her enforced seclusion the professor read to her a course of lectures on Voltaire, which afterwards developed into a book. Strauss was anxious to dedicate the volume to the princess, but hesitated to solicit a permission which would have publicly committed her Highness to agreement with the contents of the book. But nothing was more characteristic of Princess Alice than her sterling honesty and brave love of truth. She had become a believer in the opinions of Strauss, and she could not endure the thought of seeming to believe doctrines which she no longer held, or shunning connection with a man whose opinions were unpopular in high quarters. So she anticipated the desire of Strauss, and herself proposed that the book on Voltaire should be dedicated to her; which was accordingly done.

This episode, however, was but a brief phase in the development of the princess's character. Various circumstances conspired to shake her confidence in the destructive theories of Strauss, though she still retained her respect for the author personally. Strauss continued to advance

with rapid strides into the region of blank negation, and with this he combined a startling intellectual progress in the direction of political despotism. The whole tone of his book on "The Old and the New Faith" was antipathetic to the best part of her nature, and thus the hold of Strauss upon her had been greatly relaxed, if not completely discarded, even before the clouds which had obscured her faith had been dispersed by the tempest of a poignant sorrow. Her second boy, a bright child of two, known in her letters as "Frittie," fell out of a window while her back was momentarily turned, and was killed before her very eyes. Born during his father's absence in the war with France, and delicate from his birth, he was endowed with the intellectual brightness which often goes with feebleness of bodily organization, and was naturally a special pet of his mother's. The sudden and tragic quenching of his life was a terrible blow to her; and she bore it with a fortitude which, like a flawless piece of metal, gained strength from every stroke inflicted by the Divine artificer. There is a wonderful pathos in some of her simple references to her lost treasure — a vivid vision of suppressed sorrow which enables us almost to *see* her grief. "He was such a bright child. It seems so quiet next door. I miss the little feet, the coming to me; for we lived so much together. . . . He loved flowers so much. I can't see one along the roadside without wishing to pick it for him." "In my own house it seems to me as if I never could play again on that piano, where little hands were nearly always thrust when I wanted to play. . . . I had played so often lately that splendid, touching funeral march of Chopin's; and I remember it is the last thing I played, and then the boys were running in the room." "Having so many girls, I was so proud of our two boys! The pleasure did not last long, but he is *mine* more than ever now. He seems near me always, and I carry his precious image in my heart everywhere."

This intense realization of the invisible was a striking characteristic of Princess Alice, and doubtless helped her to shake off with greater ease the influence of Strauss and the Tübingen school generally. She often said that she felt as if her father, to whom she was passionately attached, was "by her side," watching over her and inspiring her with noble thoughts and self-sacrificing purposes. She could not, for long, believe that a life so sweet and promising as "Frittie's," or

one so energetic and influential as her father's, had belied her instincts and ceased to be through the violent contact of its physical framework with a stone pavement, or by the introduction of a few germs of deleterious matter into the blood. "The whole edifice of philosophical conclusions which I had built for myself," she said, "I find to have no foundation whatever; nothing of it is left; it has crumbled away like dust. What should we be, what would become of us, if we had no faith; if we did not believe that there is a God who rules the world and each of us?" It is much easier to face death for ourselves than to face it in the case of those we love. Cicero met his own death with heroic fortitude; but the philosophy of consolation which appeared so convincing in the villa at Tusculum, envired by all that nature and art could do to make life happy, vanished like a mirage of the desert when death carried off his Tullia. And so it will ever be. The man that has truly loved will never, unless in the lap of prosperity or in the aberration of despair, accept death as the final solution of the riddle of existence. The heart searches for its vanished kindred, and will not believe that they cease to be, or that its interest in them or theirs in it is broken. It is a universal sentiment of humanity which has survived, and will survive, all the sophistries of speculation. We see it in an Old Mortality going up and down the country laboriously restoring the time-worn tombstones of the Covenanters, as well as in the great orator of Athens, who knew the spell that it contained when he electrified his degenerate countrymen into a fitful display of patriotism by his passionate apostrophe to "those who died at Marathon." It is also seen in those legends of many lands which represent some hero or national benefactor as enjoying a privileged immunity from the last debt of humanity: our own Arthur still living in the Vale of Avalon, or the great German Kaiser sleeping in his mystic cave till his country shall again need his trusty sword. And it is the same instinct which prompted the custom of praying for the dead—a custom which prevailed and still prevails among the Jews, and which pervades the earliest literature of Christianity. How natural the habit is comes out incidentally in one of Princess Alice's letters. "Ernie [her elder boy] always prays for Frittie, and talks to me of him when we walk together."

And with equal naturalness Tennyson,

in his "Ode on the Duke of Wellington," prays for the soul of the great captain. The reader will remember, too, a beautiful passage in the "Morte d'Arthur," where the duty of praying for the dead is argumentatively enjoined in the person of the poet's hero:—

Pray for my soul. More things are wrought  
by prayer

Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let  
thy voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and day.

For what are men better than sheep or goats

That nourish a blind life within the brain,

If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer

Both for themselves and those who call them  
friend?

For so the whole round earth is every way

Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

The fact is, we all pray for the dead—at least all loving hearts do. When our beloved pass away from us we follow them with our longing thoughts; we speculate on their condition and their work in the world unseen; we wish them well. And what is a wish but an unexpressed prayer? "Every good and holy desire," says Hooker, "though it lack the form, hath notwithstanding in itself the substance, and with Him the force of a prayer, who regardeth the very moanings and sighs of the heart of man." In truth, to forbid prayers for the dead is to undermine the doctrine of prayers for the living.

There is much more in Princess Alice's character on which it would be pleasant and instructive to linger; but the limits of space forbid it, and we must hasten to the last scene in her full and busy life. In November, 1878, diphtheria, of which she had a great horror, invaded her household. It attacked in rapid succession her husband and all her children save one. For days their lives hovered between life and death, and at last a girl, whom her mother always fondly called "Sunshine," yielded to the malady. It would be difficult to find in all the literature of sorrow a more vivid picture of concentrated grief than that which is presented in the series of telegrams which the agonized mother sent to the queen during those terrible days. Yet even in that supreme ordeal she was consistently true to herself. She nursed her family with unwearied devotion, and strove to conceal from each of them her own sorrow and anxiety. It would be hard to match the pathos of the following scene. When the coffin that contained all that was mortal of "Sunshine" was about to be removed from the chamber of death—

The Grand Duchess quietly entered the room. She knelt down near it, pressing a corner of the pall to her lips. Then she rose, and the funeral service began. When it was over she cast one long, loving look at the coffin which hid her darling from her. She then left the room and slowly walked up-stairs. At the top of the stairs she knelt down, and taking hold of the golden balustrade looked into the mirror opposite to her to watch the little coffin being taken out of the house. She was marvelously calm; only long-drawn sighs escaped her.

And then the brave woman rose from her agony, in the spirit of him who conquered in Gethsemane, and resumed her ministry of consolation to those who were still left to her. Her strength lasted till she saw her husband and surviving children out of danger; and then she succumbed to the dreadful malady from which she had, humanly speaking, delivered them. She passed quietly away, murmuring to herself: "From Friday to Saturday — four weeks — May [*i.e.*, "Sunshine," who had died just four weeks before] — dear papa." It was the anniversary of the prince consort's death, and the coincidence occurred to her as her longing desire to see him again was about to be gratified. One is glad to learn that the story of her having caught the infection from having kissed her dying child is a myth. It was out of keeping with her character. She never allowed her own emotions to cross the path of her duty; and her duty then, as she recognized it, was to save her life for her husband and family.

One thing that must strike the readers of Princess Alice's letters is the reserve of moral and intellectual strength which they indicate rather than exhibit. Sayings of sententious force occur in them which show a pondering and deeply thoughtful mind: such as that "children educate their parents;" the difference in kind between the queen's grief and the princess's own grief; the pithy analysis of the difference between filial and connubial love; the reason why mourners "grow to love their grief," which Princess Christian happily parallels with a strikingly similar passage in Shakespeare; the inversion of the order of nature in the fact of parents surviving their children — a thought to which Burke gives pathetic expression in the passage in which he describes the desolation wrought in his life by the premature death of his only son.

It is well that the record of a life so rich and full as that of Princess Alice has been given to the world. It cannot fail to do

good — especially to "the frivolous upper classes," whose waste of their opportunities Princess Alice more than once deplores. What she says of her own father's married life is strictly true of her own, and may fittingly close this slight sketch of the character of one of the purest and noblest women of our time: "A life like his was a whole long lifetime, though only twenty-two years, and he well deserved his rest!"

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife;

To all the sensual world proclaim:

One crowded hour of glorious life

Is worth an age without a name.

MALCOLM MACCOLL.

From The Spectator.

#### TEXAS AS A CAREER.

WE suppose that, on the whole, Mr. Hughes is right; and that for lads who can "rough it" easily, and like out-of-door life, and have the ability to utilize labor, stock-breeding or sheep-keeping in Texas affords a fairish chance of a career. In the very amusing little book which he has just published, with the letters received from his three nephews engaged in those occupations, he does not affirm more than that; and, as far his evidence goes, even that is not proved beyond doubt. His nephews, to begin with, are above average. One of them took a clerkship in the Aylesbury Dairy Company on £50 a year, — increased subsequently — and saved £130 within eighteen months, — a feat which revealed a man almost predestined to success. The "power of accumulation," as Lord Beaconsfield used to call it, is not a high moral quality as it is so often described, but a rather low one; but its possessor, if he has any sort of chance and average health, and a dislike of drink, rarely fails to win the material battle of life. Another of the lads has what the Yankees call "faculty" in an unusual degree, learning to drive sheep over the open country, for instance, a most difficult business, in a few weeks, and being as ready with his hands as a Chinese ship-carpenter; while the third had resolution enough, not only to quit a great studio for cattle-breeding, but to refuse when earnestly pressed to write about it. The writer remembers him as a child, and he had the "root of the matter" of life, the capacity for going his own way, in him even then. All three, too, belong to the kind of men who can ride



anything for any distance, eat anything that will sustain life, without getting dysentery, and find their way over any country without guides, the last a capacity as rare as generalship. The history of such men is hardly an example, nor do we understand that they have been successful in any very inspiring way. They make some money, and their ranche improves, but the life is still a terribly hard one. The climate in southern Texas is sometimes villainous, rattlesnakes are quite plentiful, one meets scorpions "promiscuously," the day's duties are as hard as those of a London hansom-cab driver; and as for the home life, we can see, both from Mr. Hughes's book and Mr. Alldridge's on ranche work, that camping-out in a hut on Salisbury Plain from July to January must be exceedingly like it. Of civilization as we understand it there is next to none, of recreation as little as may be, and of society a mixture, often disagreeable. If you are not reserved, and not uppish, and not stingy, and can hold your tongue under abuse, and can ride hard, and eat what comes, and take care of yourself when necessary, the ranche man will be your brother, and the ranche man may be a graduate, or a particularly rough butcher's boy, as happens. You are not exactly beyond the chance of ruin, either. Mr. Hughes's nephews say nothing of others' failures, — indeed, unless they have been severely edited, they are good-natured to a fault — but we believe of every three ordinary lads who go out, one takes to drinking, one refuses the life, and either goes away or dies, and only one fights through. Life is by no means all beer and skittles in Texas, any more than anywhere else; but we should say unusually hard, "aggravating," and chequered, especially by the excessive importance of rude health.

Nevertheless, it is difficult to read either Mr. Hughes's or Mr. Alldridge's book without agreeing with them that, on the whole, the life has its temptations. After all, the Hughes boys, with all their fine qualities, might have found little scope at home. The dairy clerk must have succeeded if he had had to break stones, but he might have eaten his heart out; and the high out-of-door qualities of the three would have had little or no scope. Texas may be as bad, except in fertility, as Salisbury Plain; but then one can get a bit of Texas, while the plain is as much reserved as if it were walled in. Unless a man is a squire, or can stock a northern farm, there is nothing for such

men to do in England except as subordinates, and as subordinates, the professionals would always undersell them. They have to live in Texas like roughriders or graziers' men; but then there is, if they survive, the certainty of chances such as never open here, — chances of wealth expressible by ten in the hundred, chances of competence expressible by thirty in the hundred, and chances of independence expressible, health being granted, by, say, ninety per cent. The sharp apprenticeship leads to results; and for men with good spirits, who can see that life on one side of it must be a picnic, the constant presence of hope, the perfect independence, and the fact of leading a life more or less creative, are facts outweighing all temporary disagreeables, even if they present themselves in the form of snakes or scorpions, or of sheep that not only run away, but run a hundred different ways. Besides, it is vain to deny that, for Englishmen, at all events, caste is worth keeping, that our people seldom benefit by going down in the world, and that in the ranche life of Texas, as in the bush life of Australia, the sense of going down is absent. Liberty is an ennobling fact to those who do not suffer from it; and the men who can on the prairie make a home for themselves, lose half their force, and more than half, in the servitudes which, under one form or another, are the doom of English youngsters without capital. As to there being any degradation in the life, that is all nonsense. It is precisely the life led by the English Squire Westerns when they bred stock for themselves, with this disadvantage, — that the adventurers are badly housed, housed like cottagers; and this advantage, — that labor being dear, they have to be their own bailiffs, and thoroughly learn their own work. Fortunes cannot now be made in Texas without capital, unless the young man has exceptional qualities, and is accepted as working partner in a ranche; but the ownership of a large, well-stocked farming estate, without rent and with cash profits, can be attained by energy, hard work, and luck; and that is what, two hundred years ago, men quite as well placed as the Hughes family thought success. And it is success, if only we can keep the London idea of success well out of our minds, and believe in happiness without quick-thinking society, fresh telegrams, and a podded life. Life is not podded in Texas, even if you make half-a-million dollars.

The only point upon which we have

serious doubts of Mr. Hughes's theory is the old one,—his constantly reiterated assertion that a man can go ranching, and succeed, and remain an accomplished gentleman all the same. One in a thousand may, as one in a thousand might keep a small shop all his life and do the same thing, but with the majority circumstances will prevail. The accomplishments are so useless, that they are given up. Books are so few, and the body so fatigued, that the habit of reading dies away. Material interests press so sharply and so constantly, that all other interests become insipid, and, after a time, tiresome. The outdoor life masters the indoor, and it is indoors that the cultivation which Mr. Hughes values so much is principally kept up. The grazer does not forget his Greek so much as become careless about Greek, or even slightly contemptuous of Greek, in comparison with veterinary knowledge. A few may struggle on, and it is a curious fact, not at all explained, that Englishmen who take to the rough life do not in the same proportion throw off the weight of civilization as Dutch Boers, and German stock-breeders, and French planters are apt to do. Either their civilization has gone deeper, or, as we should rather believe, the intensity of the English desire to renew England everywhere, acts as a protective; but the natural tendency of the rough life, when it is successful, must be to produce Squire Westerns. If the tendency does not come out in the first generation, it does in the second, as successful men in Australia and South Africa know so well, that they either succumb and complain, or make any sacrifice to give their sons a fresh bath in old-world culture. It seems to us useless to deny that there is this drawback to emigration, or to assert that the young Hugheses' letters are precisely what they would have written at Oxbridge, or to question that if they go on living in south Texas their children will be squires of the old and not of the new type. Why should they not be? Strike off the port wine and its consequences, and there were many good qualities in the old men,—efficiency, courage, kindliness, and a governing power which, if rude in kind, was often very high in degree. The cultivated "masher" of our day, and even the hard-working young professional, has often faults quite as grave as those of the old squire. We are elevating culture into a kind of nobility, and forget that it is

little in itself, and often improves the brain at the cost of deteriorating the character. The unsuccessful barrister, lawyer, doctor, and officer, in England is often a lower man than the colonist who has adapted himself to his conditions, and who can do everything, except study, better than his rival. We suppose it is wise that, even if a lad is going to a ranche, he should be educated; but even on that subject a doubt will intrude. Had he not better know his own literature thoroughly, than all the things which we are now pleased to believe constitute education? Be that as it may, we feel satisfied that when ranche life is discussed as a career, the drawback of intellectual roughening, if it is a drawback, must be taken into consideration, and that Mr. Hughes has always been upon this point far too sanguine. Better so, of course, than set up a low ideal; but when our sons' future is in question, it is well to look at the facts, and for all but exceptional men the facts of Texas, like the facts of Cornell University, and the facts of English aristocratic life, indicate that success in out-of-door pursuits and advance in indoor culture are very seldom compatible.

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From The Alienist and Neurologist.  
PATHOLOGY IN HISTORY.

THE Emperor Claudius, the second son of Drusus Anticus, and brother of Germanicus, next to his kinsmen Caius, Caligula, and Nero, was the most notable example of the rapid physical and moral degeneration that appeared in the family of Augustus. Here, also, Suetonius abounds in all the details which the psychologist can desire. The great objection ordinarily made against this sort of studies is, as is well known, the insufficiency of recorded facts. If it is difficult to write the biography of a contemporary, what an excess of boldness must prompt to the undertaking of that of an ancient! We are not to suspect that the historians of antiquity, especially the biographers, were not excellent psychologists. There is not a clinical lecturer on mental diseases who puts into his illustrative model of a lunatic, and his notes and observations, so much care, exactitude, and penetration, as did Suetonius in his "History of the Twelve Cæsars." It is difficult to imagine to what extremes he was impelled by his taste for those minutiae and intimate par-

ticulars, which are always important to the psychologist. The diagnosis in this case is not difficult or doubtful. Claudius was a species of idiot, affected with congenital imbecility; the scrofulous aspect of this microcephalus was remarkable. That pigmy head, retreating from the chin and forehead, and wabbling on that ugly body, the legs of which bent under it, and rendered his gait tottering; that thick, round neck (as in several of the members of the family of Augustus), wrinkled by convulsive stretchings; that intolerable stuttering; those hands, agitated by continual tremors; that almost paralyzed right arm; the continual flow of saliva, which frothed on his lips, half opened by a stupid, wicked laugh; his nose, which was inflamed by fleshy tumors at the internal angles of the eyes; everything, in short, announces in Claudius a poor degenerate creature. Enfeebled in both body and mind, by various diseases, from his very infancy, he suffered, through all his life, intolerable pains in his stomach. And just what he was physically, that was he morally. Like other imbeciles and idiots, Claudius was a most disgusting glutton; he was obscene too; he was passionately fond of every sort of shows and games; without any provocation he would burst into violent anger, real fits of mania; he was in the habit of cramming his stomach until his senses were lost, and then, swollen as an ox, with meats and wine, he fell into a state of stupor; he was then carried to bed, where he lay with open mouth, snorting; to relieve him his uvula was tickled with a quill. Next to his mania for judging, his strongest passion was that of gambling and shows. This, as Jacoby observes, is a very common sign of imbecility. Claudius was delighted with the sight of tortures, punishments, and executions; not that he was cruel: he merely had, I repeat it, the passion for striking shows, and just as are idiots and imbeciles, and as was his cousin Caius Cæsar, he was utterly devoid of moral sensibility. In the like manner, Claudius was not avaricious—he loved gaming solely for the emotions it excited in him. His intelligence, in other respects, was far from being extinct; it broke out occasionally in sudden and unexpected flashes, which reminded of the origin of this strange Cæsar. He was not devoid of either culture or knowledge; some historical books were known, which, with his scribes, he had composed. Whatever part he may have had in editing of them,

posterity is not consoled by having lost them. The *good* (!) Claudius was not quite so bad as the epileptic Caligula, or that monstrous beast, Nero, with whom the race of Augustus ended. Without doubt he was more clever than the majority of those who, under Tiberius and Caligula, treated him as the lowest of imbeciles. Kept far away from court during the reign of Tiberius, he returned to Rome under Caligula. In the palace he was the buffoon of the prince and his favorites. Caligula even vented on him his wicked wrath, scoffing and cudgelling him. Claudius delighted in judging—in sitting on the tribunal. "Not content," writes Jacoby, "with his own tribunal, he interfered also with those of the consuls and of the prætors." In his passion for judging he laid hold of all the processes of the city, leaving nothing to the other judges to do; he refused to grant any vacancies to the tribunals, and he sat in judgment on the very days of the nuptials of his two daughters. His tribunal was in one of the prettiest parts of Rome. The advocates and litigants treated him as they would not have treated any other magistrate; the accused and those who were dissatisfied with his decisions, heaped invectives on him, and insulted him to his face; the advocates dragged him by his dress and forced him to remain in the tribunal when he wished to adjourn. Others seized him by the leg whilst he was coming down the steps from the bench, so that the poor Claudius tumbled down the stairs. At home the *good* Claudius was no less despicable than in the tribunal. What was called his principal-ity, was in reality the reign of his women and freedmen. However capable he might be of good counsels, and whatever very just political views he often might have, the real direction of affairs usually escaped from his hands; and not he, but his women and libertines gave commands, awarded favors, and gave sentence of penalties and punishments. Here is an example, out of so many others, of the impudent and gross method in which he was cheated. A plot was formed for the destruction of Appius Silanus; Messalina and Narcissus took the parts between them. "One morning, before daylight," says Suetonius, "Narcissus, with an air of consternation, rushed into Claudius's bed-chamber, and related that he had just seen in a dream Appius attempting his life. Messalina, feigning surprise, added that for several nights she had had the

same dream. An instant after, Appius was announced, the watch having by express order been fixed for that hour. Claudius, persuaded that he had come to put the dream into execution, ordered him to be seized and put to death. In the morning he related the whole matter to the Senate, and thanked his freedman for having, even in his sleep, watched over his safety. It is known that in the face of Rome and the world, whilst Claudius was at Ostia, Messalina espoused Caius Silius — and that this union of the wife of Cæsar was publicly announced, was registered in the acts, and consecrated by the auspices and a solemn sacrifice. Further, Messalina persuaded the poor Claudius to confirm the contract, and Claudius complied. He was made to believe that it was a contrivance to secure him from some danger. In fact, there is no appearance of his having known what he did, as he showed himself highly irritated when he learned at the same time of the excesses of Messalina and her marriage to Silius. At any rate, he was so little conscious of what took place around him that a short time after the execution of Messalina, he asked, when sitting down to table, "why the empress had not come." Suetonius relates that Claudius sent invitations to dinner, and to play with him at dice, to persons he had caused to be put to death the evening before. What is sometimes called moral personality, or consciousness, underwent, in Claudius, strange eclipses, and in certain moments became even extinct. As it happens in dreams, he fatally obeyed the suggestions, counsels, and desires of those around him, and the last to speak had always the best of it. As the mere sport of numberless errors, the feeling of terror in Claudius immediately followed an order for an execution, and this by virtue of a phenomenon of cerebral automatism, which is observed in epilepsy, idiocy, dementia, and generally in all states of mental enfeeblement. We are enraged when we think that this Cæsar, ruled through life by slaves and freedmen, was above all the instrument of the hatred of two furies, such as Messalina and Agrippina. So, further, whether it was suggested to him, or arose spontaneously, every idea that became fixed in his mind, reigned tyrannically in this miserable intelligence, which was powerless to react. Like nearly all imbeciles that fall into dementia, he was incapable of correcting any false idea or delirious conception that ruled him, by means of other antagonistic ideas.

From Nature.

#### THE EXTINCT LAKES OF THE GREAT BASIN.

THE Great Basin of North America presents the most singular contrasts of scenery to the regions that surround it. East of it rise the dark, pine-covered heights of the Rocky Mountain system, with the high, bare, grassy prairies beyond them. To the west tower the more serrated scarps of the Sierra Nevada, with the steep Pacific slope on the other side. The traveller who enters the basin, and passes beyond the marginal tracts where, with the aid of water from the neighboring mountains, human industry has made the desert to blossom as the rose, soon finds himself in an arid climate and an almost lifeless desert. The rains that fall on the encircling mountains feed some streams that pour their waters into the basin, but out of it no stream emerges. All the water is evaporated; and it would seem that at present even more is evaporated than is received, and that consequently the various lakes are diminishing. The Great Salt Lake is conspicuously less than it was a few years ago. Even within the short time that this remarkable region has been known, distinct oscillations in the level of the lake have been recorded. There are evidently cycles of greater and less precipitation, and consequently of higher and lower levels in the lakes of the basin, though we are not yet in possession of sufficient data to estimate the extent and recurrence of these fluctuations.

It is now well known that oscillations of the most gigantic kind have taken place during past time in the level and condition of the waters of the Great Basin. The terraces of the Great Salt Lake afford striking evidence that this vast sheet of water was once somewhere about one thousand feet higher in the level, and had then an outflow by a northern pass into the lava deserts through which the cañons of the Snake River and its tributaries wind their way towards the Pacific. Mr. Clarence King, Mr. Gilbert, and their associates in the survey of the 40th parallel, threw a flood of light upon the early history of the lake and the climatic changes of which its deposits have preserved a record. They showed that the present Great Salt Lake is only one of several shrunken sheets of water, the former areas of which can still be accurately traced by the terraces they have left along their ancient margins. To one of the largest of these vanished lakes the name of the French explorer Lahontan has been

given. The geologists of the 40th Parallel Survey were able to portray its outlines on a map, and to offer material for a comparison between it and the former still larger reservoir of which the present Great Salt Lake is only a relic. The United States Geological Survey has since begun the more detailed investigation of the region, so that ere long we shall be in possession of data for a better solution of some of the many problems which the phenomena of the Great Basin present. In the mean time Mr. J. C. Russell, who has been intrusted with this work, has written an interesting and suggestive preliminary report of his labors.

The average rainfall of the area of the Great Basin is probably not more than twelve or fifteen inches. In the more desert tracts it may not exceed four inches, though in the valleys on the borders of the basin it may rise to twenty or thirty inches. The rain falls chiefly in autumn and winter, consequently many of the streams only flow during the rainy season, and for most of the year present dry channels. Even of the perennial water-courses, the larger part of their discharge is crowded into a brief space towards the end of the rainy season. Most of the streams diminish in volume as they descend into the valleys, and many of them disappear altogether as they wander across the blazing, thirsty desert. Loaded with sediment, and more or less bitter with saline and alkaline solutions, they do little to redeem the lifelessness of these wastes.

Over the lower parts of the surface of the basin are scattered numerous sheets of water. Where these have an outflow to lower levels they are fresh, as in the examples of Bear Lake, Utah Lake, and Tahoe Lake. But the great majority have no outflow. Some of them are merely temporary sheets of shallow water, appearing after a stormy night, and vanishing again beneath the next noonday sun, or gathering during the rainy season, and disappearing in summer. Yet in some cases these transient lakes cover an area of one hundred square miles or more. When they dry up, they leave behind them hard, smooth plains of grayish mud, that crack up under the burning sun, and then look like a broken mosaic of marble. Of the permanent lakes the largest is the Great Salt Lake. It is also by much the most saline. Though all of them are more or less charged with alkaline and saline solutions, the percentage of these impurities is in some cases not so great as to prevent the water from being drunk by

animals, or even on an emergency by man himself. Nothing in the physics of the basin is more remarkable than the great diversity in the amount and nature of the mineral substances in solution in the lakes.

The vanished sheet of water, or "fossil lake," as the American surveyors call it, known as Lake Lahontan, lay chiefly in the north-west part of Nevada, but extended also into California. In outline it was exceptionally irregular, being composed of a number of almost detached strips and basins connected by narrow straits, and sometimes separated only by narrow ridges. It inclosed a rugged, mountainous island one hundred and twenty-six miles long from north to south, and fifty miles broad, which contained two lakes, neither of them apparently overflowing into the main lake. The Central Pacific Railroad passes for one hundred and sixty-five miles through the dried-up bed of Lake Lahontan. From the windows of the car one can look out upon the ancient clay floor of the lake and mark the marginal terraces winding with almost artificial precision along the bases of the hills. The larger basins, which were formerly united into one continuous sheet of water, still hold lakes, all of which are more or less saline and alkaline, but they are far from being such concentrated brines as might be expected were they due to the progressive evaporation of the large original lake.

In tracing back the history of this interesting topography, we are first brought face to face with the fact that the area of the Great Basin has within recent geological times been subject to powerful and long-continued subterranean movements. In numerous cases, rocks have been fractured and displaced to an extent of four or five thousand feet. So recent are some of the fractures that they actually cut through the alluvial cones that stream out from the base of the mountains, and in numerous instances displace the terraces of the old lake to the extent of fifty or sixty, or sometimes even one hundred feet. There seems no reason to dispute the conclusion to which Mr. Russell and his colleagues have come, that the movements are actually still in progress, and that the constant occurrence of hot springs along the lines of recent fracture may be taken as evidence of the conversion of the subterranean movement into heat.

What may have been the topography of the region before the first depression and isolation of the Great Basin is still unknown. Doubtless the ground had under,



gone extensive denudation as well as great subterranean disturbance. Considerable irregularities of surface would also necessarily be produced by the intermittent discharge of volcanic rocks. When this uneven floor sank below the level of the surrounding tracts so as to become a basin of inland drainage, a magnificent series of lakes was established. Of these the largest, to which the name of Lake Bonneville has been given, and of which the Great Salt Lake is the diminished representative, covered an area of not less than nineteen thousand seven hundred and fifty square miles. Lake Lahontan was of hardly inferior dimensions, these two hydrographic basins occupying the whole breadth of the Great Basin in the latitude of the 41st parallel. No fewer than fifteen other smaller basins have been discovered, which, though now either dry or partially covered with saline or alkaline waters, were well-filled lakes at a former period.

It is some years since Mr. Gilbert, from a study of the deposits left by Lake Bonneville, announced his conclusion that they bear testimony to a remarkable oscillation of climate between humidity and aridity. Similar deductions have now been drawn from the deposits of Lake Lahontan. Previous to the appearance of this body of water the climate is believed to have been at least as dry as it is at present, when alluvial cones were pushed outwards from the base of mountains into the area of the future lake. Then came a moist period, when the hollow of Lahontan was filled up with water to a depth of five hundred feet above its present desiccated floor in the Carson Desert. At or about this height the water must have stood a long time, for it has deposited, along its rocky margin and round its islets, a thick mass of calcareous tufa. That the water, if not fresh, was at least not so saline as to be inimical to life, is shown by the abundant occurrence in it of fresh-water gasteropods. An epoch of aridity ensuing, the lake fell to so low a level as to become intensely bitter and alkaline, depositing thickly along its margin crystals, six or eight inches long, of gaylussite (a hydrated carbonate of soda and lime). The soda of these crystals having been subsequently removed, the deposit is one of tufa, mainly composed of calcareous pseudomorphs after gaylussite. Next followed a period of increased precipitation, when the lake rose to within two hundred feet of its highest level, and when the thickest and most abundant of

the tufa deposits of the region was laid down to a depth of sometimes twenty or even fifty feet. This third incrustation of tufa was formed mainly along the rocky shores and islands; but curious, mushroom-like protuberances of it likewise gathered upon stones lying on the floor of the lake. The water then rose to the highest level it ever reached, since which time the climate has again become arid. From the fact that the isolated lakes of the Lahontan Basin are not the saturated alkaline and saline solutions which they would certainly have been had they resulted from the evaporation of such a sheet of water as that in which the three tufa terraces were elaborated, it is inferred that the whole of the original lake was evaporated to dryness, and that its alkalis and salts, having been precipitated at the bottom, were covered over with a layer of mud so as to be partially protected from rapid solution. The existing lakes may thus be supposed to be the result of a subsequent diminution of the extreme aridity, but the time within which they have been in existence has not been long enough to enable them to become as bitter and saline as the original lake.

Such are some of the views which renewed exploration of this weird region has suggested to the able surveyors who have undertaken its investigation. Mr. Russell's report, lucid and interesting as it is, must be regarded as merely a prelude to the fuller results which he and his colleagues are gathering for the good of science, and to the credit of the admirably organized and administered Geological Survey of the United States.

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From The Spectator.

#### POPULAR COOKERY.

WE wonder if mankind, taken as a body, do care to have nice things to eat? Educated men in Europe, accustomed to comfort and solicitous for health, will open their eyes at the question; but the answer to it is by no means past doubt. That the majority of human beings, or possibly all, like certain things to eat better than certain other things, may, of course, be true, just as the same assertion is true of all the animals which man has closely observed. A dog will follow liver for miles; a cat, for all its dislike of wet feet, will whine with eagerness if it smells fish; and a horse never forgets the giver of a

long bit of sugarcane. Man may have instinctive preferences of the same description. He almost certainly has one which is a little odd, upon the Darwinian theory, for it occasions him enormous inconvenience and expense. Whether from some instinct preservative of health, or from a mere taste, he distinctly prefers hot food; and to gratify this fancy puts himself and his womenkind all over the world to the trouble of daily cooking. Even "bread" is eaten hot by the majority of mankind,—the use of bread which will keep well being a European particularity; and very few races habitually eat anything cold, except when hot food is unattainable or expensive. They like their rice, or their millet, or their wheat-cakes, or their vegetables, or their meat just as it comes from the fire. As this practice involves immense additional expenditure for firing—which in most places is one of the heavy burdens on the poor—and the loss of at least six hours' labor a week, this of itself might be held to prove that a taste for pleasant food is universal. Perhaps it is; but except in this one particular it is, we are convinced, neither deep nor widespread. Women are careless about eating everywhere; and the millions of laboring men find food so difficult to procure, that when they have obtained enough they are content, even if the meal is a little hard to eat. If it were not so, they would not have left an art so important so entirely to traditionary teaching, would have developed it in a way they have not done, and would have combined to secure pleasant meals in a style they carefully avoid. Among the immense majority of mankind each household cooks for itself, the work falling mainly on the wife, who is never taught except by her mother, and in the most traditional way. Improvement, if any is ever made, is exceedingly slow; and among some peoples, the English for one, popular cookery has probably retrograded, owing, in this instance, to the chasm of years which, so to speak, broke or interrupted the popular knowledge of the way to prepare meat. The women found flesh meat difficult to procure, and failed to hand down the needful instruction for its preparation. Half mankind at least knows nothing of boiling; of those who do know, another half will eat their vegetables in a sodden condition. Among the races which eat meat, only a limited percentage of persons try to make meat tender,—we believe the flesh-eating Mongols form an exception to this rule, and some of the

Polynesians,—and among those who eat grain there is a distinct preference for the under-cooking alike of flour, rice, and millet, from a belief that such food is more fully satisfying. "I want to feel my 'tomach 'tiff," says one of Charles Reade's characters; and he exactly expressed the view of the indistinguishable millions. Separateness in cooking is pushed everywhere to preposterous limits, till it is probable that the preparation of food for mankind, which is the second great expense in feeding them, costs three times what it need, and till in many countries a proper supply of fuel is wholly beyond the reach of the poor. In Asia entire peoples burn dung, and even in Europe firing is never quite sufficient. And, finally, cooking does not advance. A new article of diet is occasionally added, like the potato, or a new condiment, like pepper; but it may be doubted if a European laborer's dinner is made a bit more palatable than the dinner of an Israelite was when the law-givers promulgated the curious notion that roast meat was more acceptable to the superior powers than meat boiled or stewed. Indeed, the way to make a kibab, which is known to the humblest in Asia, has been lost here; and only the gipsies are aware that meat covered with damp clay and placed among the hot ashes is not only delicious but much more nourishing than meat either baked or boiled. The natural way with a civilized people, if they cared for nice food, would be to entrust the preparation of it to professionals, who would learn their trade by apprenticeship, and incessantly improve; but, except in Tuscany and south France, this is hardly done anywhere, though it ought to be the easiest of arrangements. It is only in the making of bread that men combine; and they have only just begun to do that in Europe, and do not do it in Asia, or, we believe, in most parts of North America,—the Western woman making bread for her household as the Mexican woman makes her thin cakes. Yet the world everywhere combines in order to get its drinks, and the things it drinks gradually but quite steadily improve. Household brewing is, by the mercy of Providence, dying out; and nobody in Germany, America, or England would now swallow the horrible stuff which our ancestors called beer.

The truth is, man, though he cares to get food, and has an almost insane fear of hunger, which sometimes perverts his whole moral nature—as in the instance of the horrible toleration of shipwrecked

sailors for cannibalism — is comparatively very indifferent to the preparation of his diet. He does not, as a rule, know even what is good for his health, and shortens his life with half-cooked flour which is deadly to the old, or kills off his children in heaps with half-swelled grain, though he sees in the latter case that they are distended to a degree which in his animals would seem to him dangerous or distressing. Every fifth child in India and Africa has a disease due exclusively to its diet. Man takes no trouble whatever to circulate knowledge on the subject; and, unless he is disgusted with an animal, as western Asiatics are with the pig, or contracts a horror such as Hindoos feel for eggs, seldom lays down inflexible laws on eating, and when he does, they are not sanitary laws. There are fifty lecturers in Europe and America on the abuse of alcohol for one on the abuse of food; and careful instruction on the comparative nutriment in different edibles, the value to health of thorough cooking, the immense utility of sugar to children, and the aid which certain diet would give to the formation of bone, would be probably thrown away. We wait to be corrected by experts, but we do not think that the rather feeble efforts made by the education department in this direction have elicited much popular response, though they are so strongly approved by educated women. Even in London, if we understand Mrs. Davenport Hill's paper in *Macmillan*, the majority of those who profit by the cookery schools do it because they hope to be servants, and know that cooking may pay. Here and there an exception occurs — as in the case of the little girl whose father approved her cookery; but that seems to be the rule. It is, of course, very good that all candidates for service should learn cookery, and the mode of teaching seems to be perfect in every respect but one — the use of a range when the thing to learn is the use of a minute grate, or of hot ashes, or of a gipsy fire; but the true "people" will never learn cooking so. We must awaken an interest in the subject first; and that, we believe, can be done only by incessantly pressing the argument of health. The multitude everywhere care little what they eat so that they be but filled; but they do care to be healthy, and, above all, that their children should grow up "strong." If they only knew, as doctors and mis-

sionaries and experienced barrack sergeants could tell them, what food could be made to do for them, they would very soon alter their tone, and be clamorous for knowledge. Suppose, as a wild supposition, that they only knew what oatmeal and milk, or even oatmeal and gravy, would do for their future lives, what a difference it would make. They know all about it in animals, but will not apply it to themselves, — do not believe, in fact, that diet can make any difference to human beings, except, of course, by being plentiful or inadequate. Yet when we tell them that weedy boys grow in barracks into powerful men because of their food; that in India hereditary native Christians often weigh one-fourth more than their kinsfolk because they eat a little meat; or that a tribe of Hindoos, unable to finish a profitable job of earth-work, resolved to suspend its caste laws, and eat meat, and in one month found its members strong enough for the labor, — they will believe, for they have heard those things before. It is the gain to be obtained from good food, not the enjoyment to be expected from it, which will ultimately attract the millions, and we wish the work of persuading them that good cooking can be made gainful could be begun. It can only be carried on by direct teaching, for cooking is one of the arts in which knowledge does not gradually filter down. There have always been good cooks, and the multitude round them have always, nevertheless, put up with bad cooking. They either do not care, or are hopeless, and they will not grow properly discontented on the subject until they know that their strength depends mainly on their diet, and diet in an immense degree on certain ideas of cooking. Let the sedentary trades, for example, just learn what half-baked bread means — and much of the bread eaten in England is half-baked — and they will alter that particular evil within a month. Or let them just become aware what lentil meal (*dhal*), or "Revallenta Arabica") can do for the poorly fed, and they will start a new trade as profitable to shipowners as the trade in rice. Like the Irish when offered Indian corn, they reject the most heat-giving of all foods — a food with every good property at once of wheat and of alcohol — because they have not an idea how it should be cooked.

From Nature.

## HABITS OF BURROWING CRAYFISHES IN THE UNITED STATES.

ON May 13, 1883, I chanced to enter a meadow a few miles above Washington, on the Virginia side of the Potomac, at the head of a small stream emptying into the river. It was between two hills, at an elevation of one hundred feet above the Potomac, and about a mile from the river. Here I saw many clayey mounds covering burrows scattered over the ground irregularly both upon the banks of the stream and in the adjacent meadow, even as far as ten yards from the bed of the brook. My curiosity was aroused, and I explored several of the holes, finding in each a good-sized crayfish, which Prof. Walter Faxon identified as *Cambarus diogenes*, Girard (*C. obesus*, Hagen), otherwise known as the burrowing crayfish. I afterwards visited the locality several times, collecting specimens of the mounds and crayfishes, which are now in the United States National Museum, and making observations.

At that time of the year the stream was receding, and the meadow was beginning to dry. At a period not over a month previous, the meadows, at least as far from the stream as the burrows were found, had been covered with water. Those burrows near the stream were less than six inches deep, and there was a gradual increase in depth as the distance from the stream became greater. Moreover, the holes farthest from the stream were in nearly every case covered by a mound, while those nearer had either a very small chimney or none at all; and subsequent visits proved that at that time of year the mounds were just being constructed, for each time I revisited the place the mounds were more numerous.

The length, width, general direction of the burrows, and number of the openings were extremely variable, and the same is true of the mounds. Usually the main burrow is very nearly perpendicular, there being but one oblique opening having a very small mound, and the main mound is somewhat wider than long. Occasionally the burrows are very tortuous, and there are often two or three extra openings, each sometimes covered by a mound. There is every conceivable shape and size in the chimneys, ranging from a mere ridge of mud, evidently the first foundation, to those with a breadth one-half the height. The burrows near the stream were seldom more than six inches deep, being nearly perpendicular, with an en-

largement at the base, and always with at least one oblique opening. The mounds were usually of yellow clay, although in one place the ground was of fine gravel, and there the chimneys were of the same character. They were always circularly pyramidal in shape, the hole inside being very smooth, but the outside was formed of irregular nodules of clay hardened in the sun and lying just as they fell when dropped from the top of the mound. A small quantity of grass and leaves was mixed through the mound, but this was apparently accidental. The size of the burrows varied from half an inch to two inches in diameter, being smooth for the entire distance, and nearly uniform in width. Where the burrow was far distant from the stream, the upper part was hard and dry. In the deeper holes I invariably found several enlargements at various points in the burrow. Some burrows were three feet deep, indeed they all go down to water, and, as the water in the ground lowers, the burrow is undoubtedly projected deeper. The diagonal openings never at that season of the year have perfect chimneys, and seldom more than a mere rim. In no case did I find any connection between two different burrows. In digging after the inhabitants I was seldom able to secure a specimen from the deeper burrows, for I found that the animal always retreated to the extreme end, and when it could go no farther would use its claws in defence. Both males and females have burrows, but they were never found together, each burrow having but a single individual. There is seldom more than a pint of water in each hole, and this is muddy and hardly suitable to sustain life.

The neighboring brooks and springs were inhabited by another species of crayfish, *Cambarus bartonii*, but although especial search was made for the burrowing species, in no case was a single specimen found outside of the burrows. *C. bartonii* was taken both in the swiftly running portions of the stream, and in the shallow side pools, as well as in the springs at the head of small rivers. It would swim about in all directions, and was often found under stones and in little holes and crevices, none of which appeared to have been made for the purpose of retreat, but were accidental. The crayfishes would leave these little retreats whenever disturbed, and swim away down stream out of sight. They were often found some distance from the main stream under rocks that had been covered by

the brook at a higher water-mark; but although there was very little water under the rocks, and the stream had not covered them for at least two weeks, they showed no tendency to burrow. Nor have I ever found any burrows formed by the river species *Cambarus affinis*, although I have searched over miles of marsh land on the Potomac for this purpose.

The brook near where my observations were made was fast decreasing in volume, and would probably continue to do so until in July its bed would be nearly dry. During the wet seasons the meadow is itself covered. Even in the banks of the stream, then under water, there were holes, but they all extended obliquely without exception, there being no perpendicular burrows, and no mounds. The holes extended in about six inches, and there was never a perpendicular branch, nor even an enlargement at the end. I always found the inhabitant near the mouth, and by quickly cutting off the rear part of the hole could force him out, but unless forcibly driven out it would never leave the hole, not even when a stick was thrust in behind it. It was undoubtedly this species that Dr. Godman mentioned in his "Rambles of a Naturalist," and which Dr. Abbott (*Am. Nat.*, 1873, p. 81) refers to *C. bartonii*. Although I have no proof that this is so, I am inclined to believe that the burrowing crayfishes retire to the stream in winter, and remain there until early spring, when they construct their burrows for the purpose of rearing their young, and escaping the summer droughts. My reason for saying this is that I found one burrow which on my first visit was but six inches deep, and later had been projected to a depth at least twice as great, and the inhabitant was an old female.

I think that after the winter has passed, and while the marsh is still covered with water, impregnation takes place and burrows are immediately begun. I do not believe that the same burrow is occupied for more than one year, as it would probably fill up during the winter. At first it burrows diagonally, and as long as the mouth is covered with water is satisfied with this oblique hole. When the water recedes, leaving the opening uncovered, the burrow must be dug deeper, and the economy of a perpendicular burrow must immediately suggest itself. From that time the perpendicular direction is preserved with more or less regularity. Immediately after the perpendicular hole is begun, a shorter opening to the surface is

needed for conveying the mud from the nest, and then the perpendicular opening is made. Mud from this and also from the first part of the perpendicular burrow is carried out of the diagonal opening and deposited on the edge. If a freshet occurs before this rim of mud has a chance to harden, it is washed away and no mound is formed over the oblique burrow. After the vertical opening is made, as the hole is bored deeper, mud is deposited on the edge, and the deeper it is dug the higher the mound. I do not think that the chimney is a necessary part of the nest, but simply the result of digging. I carried away several mounds, and in a week revisited the place, and no attempt had been made to replace them; but in one case, where I had, in addition, partly destroyed the burrow by dropping mud into it, there was a simple half-rim of mud around the edge, showing that the crayfish had been at work; and as the mud was dry the clearing must have been done soon after my departure. That the crayfish retreats as the water in the ground falls lower and lower, is proved by the fact that at various intervals there are bottle-shaped cavities marking the end of the burrow at an earlier period. A few of those mounds farthest from the stream had their mouths closed by a pellet of mud. It is said that all are closed during the summer months. How these animals can live for months in the muddy, impure water is to me a puzzle. They are very sluggish, possessing none of the quick motions of their allied *C. bartonii*, for when taken out and placed either in water or on the ground they move very slowly. The power of throwing off their claws when these are grasped is often exercised. About the middle of May the eggs hatch, and for a time the young cling to the mother, but I am unable to state how long they remain thus. After hatching they must grow rapidly, and soon the burrow will be too small for them to live in, and they must migrate. It would be interesting to know more about the habits of this peculiar species, about which so little has been written. An interesting point to settle would be how and where it gets its food. The burrow contains none, either animal or vegetable. Food must be procured at night, or when the sun is not shining brightly. In the spring and fall the green stalks of meadow grasses would furnish food, but when these become parched and dry they must either dig after and eat the roots, or search in the stream. I feel satisfied that they do not



tunnel among the roots, for if they did so these burrows would be frequently met with. Little has as yet been published upon this subject, and that little covers only two spring months, April and May, and it would be interesting if those who have an opportunity to watch the species during other seasons, or who have observed them at any season of the year, would make known their results.

RALPH S. TARR.

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From The Whitehall Review.  
THE UNLUCKY DUKEDOM.

ON the extinction of the first creation of the dukedom of Albany, when Duke Murdoch was executed by James I. (of Scotland), the title remained in total disuse during the remainder of the reign. King James II. revived it, but the second creation was no more fortunate than the first. Conferred upon Alexander, James's second son, the title was borne by him for a few years, and then passed to his son John, who died without issue. Of these two Dukes of Albany history gives us only the record of their names. Their lives appear to have been undistinguished, and the title died with them. A strange contrast this to the tragic figure of the next Duke of Albany, Henry Lord Darnley. This was the third creation, and Darnley was the fifth duke. Misfortune still pursued both the title and its possessor. For a while, it is true, things promised well. Darnley seemed marked out as the chosen favorite of fortune. Mary Queen of Scots married him from a variety of motives: partly, no doubt, because he was young and handsome, and she fell in love with him; partly, also, because he was a descendant of the ancient Scottish kings, and would thus help to strengthen Mary's own position. He was made Duke of Albany nine days before the nuptials in 1565, but he was never known by that title, for on his marriage day he was proclaimed king of Scotland, his name being placed before the queen's by the heralds when they delivered the royal proclamations. The murder of Rizzio, in which Darnley undoubtedly had a hand, was the first step in the fifth Duke of Albany's sudden and swift decline. Mistrusted by the queen, deserted by the lords whom he himself had previously betrayed, he was gradually excluded from affairs, and fell into a condition that could only excite pity and contempt. He was

positively afraid of being insulted in public, and therefore stayed indoors, while the queen not unfrequently dropped a hint that she would like to be rid of such a husband. The birth of a son and heir, who afterwards became James VI. of Scotland and I. of England, did not mend matters. Mary was told that means could be found for putting things right without imperilling the legitimacy of her son, whose birth had, of course, rendered a dissolution of the marriage out of the question. Then arose James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell. He undertook to remove the king; whether with or without the collusion of the queen need not be discussed. Certain it is that he executed his purpose. Not to go too much into detail respecting a matter which is one of the best-known incidents in English history, let us come at once to this Duke of Albany's miserable end. He had fallen sick at Glasgow. Mary brought him back to Edinburgh, and lodged him in a lonely house not far from Holyrood. Bothwell gained access to the place by bribing Darnley's servants, and caused a quantity of gunpowder to be laid under the chamber in which he slept in order to blow him into the air. "Alarmed," says Ranke, "at the noise made by opening the door, the young sovereign sprang from his bed. While trying to save himself he was strangled, together with the page who was with him. The gunpowder was then fired, and the house laid in ruins." So perished another Duke of Albany, and not the least remarkable of the number. The title fell to his son, but was practically extinct, for on the accession of the son as James VI. it was merged in the crown. In 1600 King James, having a second son, Prince Charles, desired a title for him, and chose that of Duke of Albany. Was ever choice more unlucky? For this duke of the ill-fated name became afterwards Charles I., and was beheaded by his faithful Commons. A personality so familiar needs no description, and we pass on to the next creation — namely, that by King Charles II., who conferred the title on his brother James, Duke of York. He was known before his accession to the throne (James II. of England) as the Duke of York and Albany, a conjunction of names that is familiar even to modern ears. When James became king the title was again merged in the crown, but for the last time. We have now got past the age when a violent death was the common form in which misfortune overtook men in high station, and henceforth the history of the

dukedom of Albany becomes less bloody, while still exhibiting a singular persistence of instability. In 1716 James II. created his brother Ernest Duke of York and Albany. This prince became Bishop of Osnaburg on the death of Charles Joseph, Elector of Treves, in 1715, and was created Duke of York and Albany in the following year. He enjoyed the honor for twelve years, and then died without issue. The next Duke of York and Albany was Prince Edward Augustus, created duke in 1760 by his brother, George III. We know of him that from early youth he was inclined to a maritime life. He was appointed a midshipman, and embarked on board the "Essex" in 1758, under the command of Commodore, afterwards Earl, Howe, upon an expedition against Cherbourg. Later on he became captain of the "Phoenix," and served also on board the "Hero" and the "Princess Amelia." In 1763 he embarked on a tour through Europe, but at Monaco he was seized with a malignant fever, of which he died, in 1767, in his twenty-eighth year, unmarried. His remains were brought to England and deposited in Henry the Seventh's Chapel. His end presents in some respects a curious parallel to that of the late Duke of Albany. Now we come to the prince who last previous to Prince Leopold bore this ill-fated title. This was Frederick, second son of George III., upon whom the dignity was conferred in 1784. He is remembered as the commander-in-chief of his Majesty's forces, and as having, in 1809, been accused of corruption in the administration of his office. A committee of the House of Commons was appointed to investigate the matter. After a short inquiry, in which Sir Arthur Wellesley bore testimony to the discipline of the army under his command, for which, he said, the country was solely indebted to his Royal Highness, the committee pronounced a "distinct opinion" that "the charge was wholly without foundation." Thereupon the duke, feeling free to approach his Majesty, at once tendered his resignation, which the

king accepted. On May 25, 1811, his Royal Highness was reappointed commander-in-chief, "to the great joy of the army and of all well-affected persons." The duke, in his letter of resignation addressed to his father, made the following among other remarks, which are interesting as showing, even at that time, the good relations which bound the royal family of England together. "The motives which influence his Royal Highness arise from the truest sense of duty and the warmest attachment to his Majesty, from which he has never departed, and which his Majesty has, if possible, confirmed by the affectionate and personal solicitude he has shown for the honor and welfare of his Royal Highness upon this distressing occasion to him: to him, as the most kind and indulgent father and as a generous sovereign, his Royal Highness owes a debt, and his feelings alone would have prompted him to forego all considerations of personal interest in the determination he has taken." Prince Frederick died, without issue, in 1827, and the peerage of Albany once more expired. Not till 1881 — within seven years of its quinquenary — was it revived, and then it was conferred upon the lamented prince who, although he held it for a brief period only, imparted to it a lustre not only new, but purer than any bestowed upon it by his predecessors. The first Duke of Albany is a great figure in the early history of Scotland. He was king in deed, but not in name; Darnley, the fifth Duke of Albany, was king in name, but not in deed. The sixth, seventh, and eighth dukes all came to the crown of England; the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth dukes all fulfilled useful and honorable functions in the high station to which they were born. But through all this long and broken line the title seems to have been the favorite plaything of a relentless fate. It has now, for the ninth time, become extinct, at all events for the present, and in circumstances that yield to none that we have recounted in their mournful and even tragic character.